



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 9, No. 7

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors.
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, JANUARY 4, 1896.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
For Annual (in advance), 95. } Whole No. 423

Around Town.

I saw it stated in one of the dailies that the justly esteemed Rev. Dr. Dewart was on Bro. "Bob" Fleming's platform the other night, while "Bro." Jno. T. Moore—he of the whiskers and with sanctity to sell—was shouting for Ald. Shaw. This leaves it an open question with the temperance and class-meeting electors how to vote. Usually Bro. "Bob" has the call, but perhaps he has been caught using his "pull" with the saloon-keepers and has shocked the sensitive Bro. Moore, who takes this method of rebuking his co-worker. Or have they fallen out over a deal? If so, I would like to know which got the worst of it and all the other particulars, for they are both handy traders and powerful in exhortation.

Is it not sickening to see candidates for public places so eager in search of some "religious" person to adorn their platforms? Fortunately there are temperance and religious professionals who can be had on reasonable terms, like the paid *claque* in a theater or the hired mourners at a funeral. O Religion! O Temperance! What sins are committed in thy name!

Before the next issue of this paper the majority elections will be over and no one will be sorry. The campaigns are generally repetitions of promising and trimming, charges and counter-charges, boasts and beratings, that fill the public ear with sound and the electoral heart with disgust, but the municipal treasury with nothing but debt and despair. Fleming is notoriously a humbug, a charlatan and a salary-hunter. His record is that of a promise-maker and promise-breaker. He is an egotist who never tires of telling over his virtues, his victories and his sacrifices. In truth he has been a self-seeker whose whole career has been marked by nothing except the possibilities that come to the clever trickster who is smart enough to see chances of "getting there," and thick-skinned enough to seize and hang on to them no matter who is being injured or whose rights are infringed. Lacking as he does every instinct of the gentleman, he finds it easy to be anything and everything but an upright man, and coupled as these talents as a pretender are with experience and the quick shrewdness of the speculator and adventurer, he is a dangerous man, though he might develop into a useful one if it were not for his absolute incapacity to tell the truth if the other thing would serve him better.

Ald. Shaw is an experienced man, with a tendency to procrastinate and weigh chances a little too long, but his record is that of an able administrator who could be entrusted with the duties of the office to which he aspires, without any fear that he will be lacking in dignity, good manners or a sense of his responsibilities—of all of which his rival is utterly devoid. Not a single charge of wrongdoing can be successfully made against Ald. Shaw, and he held office during a time when aldermen were sorely tempted. In solid sense and the equipment necessary to the chief executive of a great city, Ald. Shaw is certainly the superior of ex-Mayor Fleming and should be elected.

MACK.

I wish you a Happy New Year. One hears this expression of good will so frequently that it sometimes grows monotonous. This is particularly the case when one hears the wish for a happy new year well on in January, after the worries and weariness of the month have begun to thoroughly impress one with the fact that the new year is pretty sure to be little more than a repetition of the old one. I suppose, however, most of us should be thankful if 1896 is no worse than 1895. I believe that the majority of our troubles are caused by fearing the future and suspecting that Providence has something in store for us that will be pretty hard to bear. Just why we should have this fear that we have seen our best days, is not apparent. To those who are past the prime of life the increasing length of the shadows is enough to remind them that night is not far off. I often notice when old people exchange the compliments of the season, that they glance into one another's faces interrogatively, almost apologetically, to note, as it were, what chance the other has of completing the year and finding health and happiness, and at the same time asking themselves the question, which of us will it be? There is something particularly gentle, almost pathetic, in the sincerity of the wish for a happy new year and many returns of the day when uttered by those who have become attached to one another while journeying through life together. I know an old couple very devoted to one another and full of faith in their reunion in that hereafter country, where the chimera never ring out the old year and welcome the new. Each one revealed to me, though they conceal it from each other, that they never thought of the new year without their mental gaze extending beyond time into eternity, and wishing most of all for the reunion where there would be no more good wishes because all good would be a certainty.

A certainty that is not worse than that which we have known is apt to be esteemed satisfactory. None but the young and inexperienced approach the future with much lightness of heart. Until the road begins to get rough and the sun grows hot, all the young travelers trip gaily along and find plenty of time for frolicking by the way; indeed, they

cannot get over the road fast enough, and make little excursions hither and thither in pursuit of the flowers of their fancy. To these—and God bless them and prolong their beautiful certainty of the world proving a flower-garden and life a picnic trip—the wish of a Happy New Year comes with an exuberant carelessness which suggests the idea that it is hardly worth while mentioning the matter, inasmuch as they are so sure of being happy, not only during the new year but ever afterwards. When this sense of certainty becomes shaken, the young man is anxious for a permanency of some sort, a business position that will ensure a livelihood; the young woman would like to marry and settle down and have a home. The more fortunate ones get what they desire, and then they desire more, and sometimes risk that which they have in order to obtain that which they have not, and keep on doing this sort of thing until all contentment and security are gone. The desire for a certainty is most marked in those who with varying success have followed pursuits with many ups and downs. The history of the politics of the last year or two indicates the consum-

able. We must believe that spring will follow winter and that summer will be green with grains ready for harvest; we must believe that the new year will be no worse than the old one—it may be better; and last of all—and that preacher is not a friend of humanity who is too much prone to preaching otherwise—that the new life will be happier than the old one. As we make ourselves and other people miserable by trying to be too certain of things in this world, so it is quite possible that we may make ourselves and our neighbors unhappy by endeavoring to be too certain of our title to a place in the happy hereafter.

Wouldn't it be foolish for a man to be continually running to the registry office to see that the deed of his house and lot has not gone wrong, or to make sure that some sinner has not got a mortgage on it? Wouldn't he be an annoyance if he continually pestered those next door to him or across the street from him, into running about and hiring lawyers to make certain of their titles? A man has just as good a right to feel that God intended him to have as good as there is going in the

awful shadow, cast over the grave, and the awful flood that we are told separates us from the thither shore? Diving ourselves of these fears, we find we all have good reasons for believing that we will have a happy New Year. What we lack is confidence in ourselves. If we are real sure of ourselves we need not bother so much about other people, or circumstances, or luck, or anything else. If we know that we can make happiness for others and for ourselves, we need not fret about being happy, for we will have a happiness factory right on the grounds and turn out plenty of it for home use when it is needed. Only those need be afraid of running short of happiness who cannot make it. One of the nuisances of the world is the man or the woman who is always trying to borrow it and envying those who have a supply. Then again there is the joy-killer who does not believe in happiness and will not permit people to even be found dead with any of it in their faces if he can prevent it. Unintentionally many people degenerate into kill-joys by insisting that only the particular brand of happiness that they have to sell or give away, be

been left to any of the whitecaps who was without sin to fire the house, or shot the man, he would not have died and the woman would not have been burned. Is it not quite enough for a man or a woman to be virtuous himself or herself, without insisting upon demonstrating his or her purity by assassinating a sinner? It may be said that no such crimes against law and order are committed in Canada. No, they are committed in the name of law and order, as was this crime on the Kentucky farm. We do not shoot or burn people, but we ostracize them, shoot at them daily with the arrows of our self-righteous contempt, burn them with our bitter and often venomous words, and drive crazy with agony and shame their children, as guiltless of wrong-doing as our own. I cannot get rid of that picture of burning and horror. I can see the crowd pitilessly watching the flames, driving the man out into the open to be slain, and consuming the woman, who for shame's sake died in the smoke and heat amidst the falling rafters of her dwelling, rather than become the sport of the human devils outside. Every day this tragedy is being enacted, and suffering no doubt as intense as was borne by the victim of the Kentucky killing is endured by those who have loved not wisely but too well, at the hands of those who have perhaps never loved at all and do not know how even strong souls are sometimes made shipwreck of by a tempest of passion. Those men guilty of the awful deed could find no satisfaction out of it, except in a feeling of self-righteousness, which at best is detestable. The man who could feel himself justified in participating in such a fiendish deed must be mad with the fanaticism which sometimes forces individuals to set themselves up as judges and inquisitors of others. In the new year we might include in our vows a resolution of: Judge not, persecute not.

On Tuesday Judge Rose decided that the Sabbath Observance Association had no right to attempt to stop the Hamilton street cars running on Sunday. In his very clearly expressed decision he held that a street car has the rights possessed by the common carriers to convey travelers on Sunday as well as on week days. He also held that a man is a traveler who goes from one part of a city to another, or, starting from home to go to some other locality, a portion of his way is in the city, he is a traveler from the time he leaves his house till he arrives at his destination. Does it not seem rather preposterous that men should form themselves into an association to prevent other men from riding on a street car on Sunday? It is not my business whether you ride on a street car on a week day, yet I have just as much to do with forcing or prohibiting you in such a matter during the six days as you have with forcing or prohibiting me in the matter of street car conveyance on Sunday. Give it what name you will, it is the impulse of the self-righteous to force others to pattern after them. The self-righteous temperance man cannot be happy unless he is trying to pass some law prohibiting other people from drinking. The man who does not want to ride on a street car on Sunday and makes a virtue out of his disinclination, is not quite sure of his virtue until he succeeds in interfering with someone else's liberty in the matter. The man who does not ride a bicycle and does not want to be full of schemes for forcing bicyclists to do just as he thinks right, and is prepared to demand legislation intended to discommode everyone of the particular class it concerns. The crank vegetarian would, if he could, prohibit us all from eating meat. Those who never dance and are unable to obtain legislation to prevent dancing, try to stop it by bitter denunciations, which are very apt to lead the young and inexperienced to imagine that dancing is twice the fun that it really is. Ladies whose figures and habits lead them to avoid the use of corsets are never tired preaching to other women that corsets are ugly and unhealthy. It is fortunate that men who wear stand-up collars have no right to legislation preventing other men from wearing turn-down collars or none at all. Even with regard to little things it seems hard for people to mind their own business. Women may or may not be as comfortable with corsets as without; dancing may or may not be good exercise; but of one thing everyone is convinced, that not having street cars on Sunday is an enormous inconvenience and a positive hardship to nearly half the community. The difference between minding one's own business and interfering with other people's business may be very slight. In matters of citizenship there are things which are and must be common to everybody. Education and transportation are two of these things. We have no right to insist upon those things upon which we cannot agree, being taught, but because we cannot agree upon one thing we have no right to insist that there shall be no teaching. In matters of transportation, which is of common interest, we may not agree as to how often cars should be run on Sunday, and some may think that cars should not be run on Sunday at all, but that gives nobody a right to say there shall be no Sunday cars. Those who do not believe in them need not ride on them. What would we think of a man who has conscientious scruples regarding Sunday cars stopping a car-load of Sunday travelers, pulling them all off the car and making them walk? He would be considered an exceedingly selfish and tyrannical man if he had the power to do such a deed and exercised it, yet he is conducting himself exactly as the man does who, by the exercise of his vote, prevents the car starting when there is a load of people waiting to be conveyed from one point to another.



CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

ing desire of a great many people to get offices, not one of which, perhaps, is as remunerative as the businesses in which they are individually engaged. The fact is, they are tired of the struggle and want to be certain of something for their old age. Even young people are afflicted with this ambition-killing wish to be certain of something. Young men will go into the civil service and accept eight or nine hundred dollars a year with no prospect of anything bigger than twelve or fifteen hundred per annum. There is an old saying that nothing has wrecked so many futures as a small certainty. Men and women wreck themselves sentimentally by insisting upon too much certainty. A man who wants to know too much about his wife and to be sure that she loves him, and to convince himself that under no circumstances would she be unfaithful to him in thought or word, is apt to keep on trying experiments and making tests till she gets so sick of him that she can't help convincing him that she doesn't love him at all. It is just the same with some women. They keep on trying and testing their husbands till they become unbearable. People test the honesty and truthfulness of their children and employees very frequently until they make liars and possible thieves out of them. There is a great deal in this world that we have to take for granted or else be unbearably miser-

sweet by and-by, as he has to believe that his title to his earthly possessions will remain vested in him so long as by no overt act does he part with his birthright or that which came to him by purchase. Even if our birthright to a home in heaven was destroyed by the improper conduct of Adam, we know that it was bought back for us, and this should bring us happiness and contentment. It is unnecessary for us to be fussing about the title so long as we behave ourselves and live so as to be esteemed worthy of the society of good people here. How a man or woman who is notoriously unfit for the companionship of children or decent people in this world can hope to be admitted into such society in the next world, is inconceivable unless he or she expects to go through some sort of purgatory and be built over to such an extent as to even pass self-recognition. But, apart from the great divisions of the community which no amount of charity can conceal, and which are caused by absolute wrong-doing and wrong-living, I think it best for us to believe in one another and in the happy future of the great majority, and in the mercy of God and His ample provision for our happiness hereafter.

Isn't it true that much of the uncertainty which so disturbs us is caused by the shadow,

used in the family. If we have a vow to make—and the bells are just ringing in 1896 as I write—let it be to be happy, to make other people happy, and to mind our own business when we see other people enjoying themselves, and not go into hysterics of grief because our neighbors won't be happy in the same way as ourselves, or because we cannot be happy in the same way as that selected by our neighbors.

I saw in one of Tuesday's papers a story telegraphed from Kentucky. A man had neglected his own wife and was paying too much attention to a widow. The scandal caused by this was intensified by the fact that he had previously shot the woman's husband in an altercation caused by his improprieties. A hundred of the neighbors surrounded the widow's house and burned it down, shot the man as he escaped, consumed the erring woman, and drove her little daughter crazy with the agony she endured. All this was done for virtue's sake. It cannot be disputed that the offence against society and the sanctity of home-life was serious, but the crime of double murder and torture and the mental and social wreck of a child-life is a hundredfold more horrible, more inexcusable. The impulse was that of the crowd that in the days of Christ gathered to stone an erring woman. Had it

The Jew believes that Saturday, which is his sabbath, should be kept holy. He is in the minority, but he has just as much right to go out on the street and prevent a car passing his place of business as you or I have to prevent that car passing your house or mine on the first day of the week. There is no use disguising the fact that the Sabbath Observance people are not minding their own business, and Judge Rose practically told them as much. They complained that the Sunday cars were a public nuisance. Judge Rose said they were no such thing. The people who are making all this fuss are the nuisances, and it is to be hoped that they will be amongst those who will begin the New Year determined to leave other people's affairs alone.

The Ministerial Association has resolved to bar out the reporters except when they discuss "public questions." This is interesting. Is the Association going into secret session to discuss matters pertaining to the affairs of the guild? Are the members about to take up business matters? Surely not. The ministers are reputed to be an unworldly group of men who think not of the morrow, and, unlike Martha, have chosen the better part and are unencumbered with much serving. If it were not so, we might suspect them of having gone into executive convocation to arrange a new spiritual tariff for 1896 or a gospel price list, and an agreement as to commissions, rebates, discounts for cash, job lots, freight rates and the dating of invoices and discriminations at competitive points, and that sort of thing.

It would be hard on Toronto if, like the railways to which so many bonuses and valuable privileges were given, the persons should forget the exemptions from taxation and concessions they have received and pool their interests to our detriment.

In view of the hardness of times, I think it would be a mistake for the Association to put up the prices of pews, baptisms, marriages, or funerals. Just because they have things in their own hands, are we to be forced into spiritual bankruptcy by the formation of a trust, when we are all more or less "short" on piety and have all our orders in for immediate delivery of goodness that we haven't in stock? I put it to them as business men—is this giving us a fair chance? It is all right for them to quit cutting rates below the cost of production, but they should give the consumers a chance. In considering an advance in prices they should not overlook the danger of losing business. In dull times people are apt to go without everything that is not absolutely necessary to sustain life, or to do with an inferior article. As there are some dealers outside of the Association there may be an article offered at attractive rates which may permanently supersede the Association's goods. Other centers, too, may relieve the stringency and attract business elsewhere, and it is often hard to get it back. In view of these facts, no friend of the Association would recommend anything but a slight advance on last year's prices, which will be enough to stiffen the market and give quotations more of an upward tendency.

Moreover, consumers, as well as retailers, will watch with anxiety the Association's ruling as to what are the "public questions" which are to be discussed with open doors. A very important question, once made much of, was that asked by an ancient dignitary and occasionally repeated in modern gatherings under the control of the Association, namely, "What must I do to be saved?" Will this, under the new rulings, be considered a public or a private question? As it seems, on the surface, to concern the anxious individual only and not to enter into the Association's business in any way, it is likely to be rejected on one hand as of no public concern, while on the other hand it is private, but not in the sense of privately interesting any member of the Association. Thus it is probable that matters affecting the soul will not be discussed either in secret or public session.

Perhaps the best definition for ready reference and handy use that can be given of the new regulations will be, "Private matters are those which concern preachers only; public matters are those which the preachers are anxious to get into print for the benefit, not of the public, but themselves."

Astray Christmas Numbers.

The P. O. Department report that Christmas Numbers have been imperfectly addressed as follows, and cannot be delivered. Senders should communicate with SATURDAY NIGHT office:

Miss Constance White, Greensboro, N.C.

Mrs. D. Wilburn, 8 Dickenson street, Prince-ton.

Social and Personal.

Several very charming dinner parties have been given during the holiday season. By the way, has the fashion arrived in Toronto of making presents of spoons or cups and saucers in rare china to one's girl friend on the announcement of her engagement? At a dinner the other evening I heard of no less than five engagements, and a memory came to me of those adorable cups and saucers which used to adorn Mrs. Temple Robinson's five o'clock tea-table, and which were souvenirs of her engagement from various girl friends in the South.

Mrs. Becher, assisted by Miss Macklem, gave an exceedingly pleasant tea at Sylvan Towers on New Year's Eve. Many people came from every part of the city on the last day of the year to offer hearty good wishes to the kindest of hostesses, and the large drawing-room was filled with a pleasant party at the usual favorite hour after five. Many who had called to say good-bye to Mrs. Ridout made their way across country from Rosedale House to Sylvan Towers; a devious and dubious way it is, and many there be that are bewildered therein. Among those I remarked at Sylvan Towers were: Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Provost Welsh, Professor and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Miss Hirschfelder and Miss Rosamond Fuller, Mrs. and Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. Strachan,

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Rev. T. C. Street Macklem and Mrs. Macklem, Mrs. Hebbden, Mrs. Wragg, Mrs. and Miss Cattanauch, Mrs. J. H. and Miss Plummer, Mrs. A. E. Plummer, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Mr. Osler, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Mrs. J. Hodgins, Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Dr. James Thorburn, Mrs. Warren, Miss Meredith, Rev. Mr. Heathcote, Mr. and Miss Hansard, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Porter, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, and Miss Dickson.

Mr. Robert Cuthbert of Montreal spent New Year's Day in the city.

Mr. Newton Brown of Detroit came to Toronto for the holidays, and looked up such of the dental students as could be located.

Miss Ethel Weatherston is in town, having come from New York to attend her sister's wedding, which took place on New Year's day.

The Island Nicotine Club were entertained at the residence of their commodore, Mr. H. M. Price, on Saturday, when a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hales have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up their residence at 226 Seaton street. Mrs. Hales will be at home to receive her friends on Thursday and Friday afternoon and evening, January 9 and 10.

Captain Cecil Fielder, who has recently been appointed private secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, is remembered by many old friends in Montreal, where he spent some years of his early life, his father, the late Lieut.-General Fielder of Winton Park, Lancashire, having been in command of the 60th Rifes when stationed in Montreal. General Fielder accompanied Lord Wolseley on the Red River Expedition in 1870.

The Woman's Art Association give a series of lectures, beginning next Saturday, January 11, with a discourse by Mr. Oliver Howland. The lectures are from four to five o'clock, at the studio of the Association in the Canada Life building.

Mrs. Perceval Ridout and her little daughter and son leave for England on Monday. On Tuesday a number of Mrs. Ridout's friends called at Rosedale House to say good-bye to the gentle mistress and bid her *bon voyage*.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Charlotte Grace Cawthra of Gulseley House and Mr. R. C. Campbell-Renton, which takes place on Wednesday, January 22, at two o'clock, in St. James's cathedral, with a reception afterwards at Gulseley House.

The arrival of Mrs. Newman's little baby girl makes Professor and Mrs. Hirschfelder once more great-grandparents. But with such weight of honor upon them, this kindly pair are more merry and energetic than many a young couple. The Herr Professor sallied out alone on New Year's day to make his round of calls, while the ever kind and cordial great-grandma received her old and young friends, with whom the parrot was shockingly convivial and loquacious.

Lady Aberdeen has denied the impeachment as regards the cap story which came to Toronto very direct from Montreal, but Mrs. Herbert's refusal to dine in the servants' hall still holds good. I am dying to tell a better one than either about Her Excellency which came much nearer home, but the fun of it might be too personal, and besides, one must be very loyal nowadays.

The new year was auspiciously begun by two young people, for on that day of hope and promise Mr. G. D. Minty, always a favorite in Toronto, and Miss Louise Weatherston, second daughter of Mr. N. Weatherston of 13 Peter street, were made man and wife. The ceremony took place in St. John's church. Rev. A. A. Williams officiating. A large number of relatives and friends of the young couple were witnesses of the happy event. Miss Weatherston's bridal gown was of white satin, prettily trimmed with chiffon; she wore a veil and carried a lovely shower bouquet of white hyacinths and orchids. Miss Birdie Weatherston, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and wore a charming white gown and picture hat of white velvet; she also carried a bouquet of mauve orchids, violets and hyacinths. The ushers at this wedding were Messrs. Henderson, Adam, Shirley Denison and Walter Minty. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents. The bride gifts overflowed the limits of one room, and included the beautiful and the useful. Some remarkably smart gowns were worn at this wedding. The bride's mother was in rich black satin with antique lace and bouquet of white roses; Miss Weatherston wore yellow crepe with black picture hat, and bouquet of chrysanthemums; Miss Ethel Weatherston of New York wore brown and pink crepon with antique lace, a very chic and beautiful gown. Among the guests were: Col. and Mrs. Macdonald of Guelph, Mrs. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. and the Misses Chadwick, Mrs. Rstbun, Mr. and Mrs. George McMurich and Miss McMurich, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Macdonald and the Misses Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Williams of St. Catharines, Mrs. McMahon, Dr. and Mrs. Lough, Mr. Grant and the Misses Grant, Mrs. R. G. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lee and the Misses Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, and Mr. Audrey Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winstanley, Miss Orchard, Miss Justina Harrison, Miss Oulton, Miss Michie, Miss Richardson, Miss Canniff, Mrs. and the Misses Lightbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Rev. W. Carer, Miss Marie Macdonald, Rev. G. G. and Mrs. Patterson, Miss Adam, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Percival, Mrs. Kirkland, Miss Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, the Misses Roberts, Dr. and Mrs. Pepler, Capt. Tassie, Messrs. R. Gilmour, G. Sweeney, J. Bell, A. McMurich, A. E. Kay Greer, Aubrey Canniff, Mr. Williamson of St. Catharines, and T. Burnside.

His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick received a very large number of callers on New Year's

day. Archbishop Walsh also held a reception at which many people attended to wish the season's compliments to the head of the Ontario Catholic church. There was very little calling done, though a few popular hostesses received their quota of cards or men, as the chances happened. I heard a rich tale of one irascible old man, who reached a door, outside of which hung a natty little basket (a very poor way of announcing *maison fermee*, it seems to me). The old person rang again and again. No one opened the door, so in spiteful revenge he detached the pretty card-basket and deliberately stepped upon it. Wasn't it naughty of him?

A country residence, in the perfecting of which the little mistress has this fall spent many weeks, will be Mrs. Mackenzie's next summer's home at Kirkfield, where, no doubt, some Toronto people will spend pleasant days.

Colonel Fred. Denison has been able to get down stairs at intervals. Every one sends sympathy and kind thoughts to Rusholm this week.

A very sweet guest at Government House on Friday last was Miss Bessie Dickson, who wore a charming gown of delicate green satin, with clouds of chiffon about her pretty shoulders, and spangled bodice.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams of St. Kits, spent the holidays with Mrs. Williams' mother, Mrs. MacMahon of Gloucester street.

Mrs. and Miss Kirchbiller are the guests of Mrs. Joseph Macdougall of Carlton Lodge.

The marriage of Rev. J. S. Broughall and Miss Helen Fuller is announced for Wednesday next.

A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday evening, December 31, at 24 Soho street, the residence of Mr. R. McLennan, when his youngest daughter, Grace, was married to Mr. James Love. The happy couple were the recipients of a large number of handsome gifts, and left on a late train for an extended tour of the Eastern States.

Mrs. Philip Drayton gave a tea on Thursday for Dr. and Mrs. Coldham of Toledo, who are relatives of the hostess.

Mrs. Henry Moffatt and the other ladies, who are *en pension* at a downtown hotel, gave an informal dance on Thursday evening which was much enjoyed by a smart party.

One of the pleasures of Christmas and New Year holidays is the visit of absentees to their Toronto homes. One meets them at the rink, the play-houses and at church. One hears a puzzling voice at the baths and one's long-missed friend pops out from behind the crimson curtains in an unsophisticated cotton bath garment of infantile pattern. One faces a pair in the Lancers and is greeted by a chum from Winnipeg or a dear crony from Halifax. Not only does not half the world know how the other half lives, but *where*, either, in these traveling days.

A sequel to the Johnson-Macfarlane wedding has been the marriage of Mr. Johnson, father of the bridegroom on that happy occasion, to Miss Nellie King of Jarvis street, who, if my memory does not fail me, was one of the bridal party. Mr. Johnson was such a charming member of the invading party from Gotham, that many women congratulated Miss Macfarlane on the acquisition of such a father-in-law. Evidently, in one instance at least, Mr. Johnson more than reciprocated the good opinion of Toronto's fair ladies.

The rendezvous of the Dancing Club last evening was at Summerhill, the residence of Mrs. Larratt Smith.

Miss World, with whose sweet singing I was charmed one morning last summer, when kind Fate led me to St. James's cathedral, sang beautifully on Xmas day. I once wrongly gave praise to another lady whose name was given me by a constant attendant at St. James', and this time Miss World was also treated to an *alias* by a reporter. But it is, and was, and ever shall be, as one of her friends emphatically remarks, Miss World alone who can flood the great church with such lovely sounds.

A New Year's Eve wedding, uniting members of two well known families of Chatham, took place in Christ church in that city. The parties to the ceremony were Miss Irene Bernice Lytle and Mr. Duncan McGregor of Elmsdale. The nuptial officiated, Miss Lytle wore a rich gown of white satin with veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white hyacinths. Miss Florence McGregor, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, wearing a pretty dress of salmon pink, *a la Marie Antoinette*, and carrying cream roses. Mr. Harry Northwood was best man. The hour chosen for the ceremony was five o'clock, and the church was filled with guests and friends, who were ushered to their places by six gentlemen: Messrs. Fred Cairns, Henry Rislin, James McGowan, Hermann Robertson, Jack Douglas and Alfred Ralls. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. R. Lytle, her brother, who was to have taken this duty, being ill at his home in Chicago. After the ceremony the guests attended a reception at Elmsdale. Mr. and Mrs. McGregor came to Toronto for their wedding trip and will remain here for some days. Among the guests who came to Chatham for the wedding were Mrs. Charles A. F. Ball of Niagara, Miss Emily McGregor and Miss Edith Moore assisted at the reception.

It was a happy party that assembled at Fairview, 134 Carlton street, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Geddes, Tuesday evening, December 24, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The party comprised the immediate relatives of the host and hostess and a few very intimate friends. Dancing, cards and supper, with congratulations from the guests and a happy response from the host, furnished a most enjoyable evening. The presents were many and chaste. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Strowger, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Strowger, Mr. and Mrs. H. Blackburn, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lye, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Job, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tasker, Captain and Mrs. E. Trowell, Miss Ada Geddes, Miss

Strowger, Mr. Fred W. Strowger, Mr. Alfred Strowger, Mr. W. Pridham, Mr. Charles Hewitt, Mr. and Miss Trowell, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Armstrong will be at home for their post-nuptial reception, at 634 Ontario street, on Friday afternoon and evening, January 10, from three to six, and from eight to ten o'clock.

Mrs. Suydam's tea on Saturday was given for her brother, Dr. Coldham, and Mrs. Coldham of Toledo, who are spending the holidays with her. A select little party of congenial people were gathered about five o'clock in the parlors of the pretty home on Bedford road, that locality rendered so much more accessible to the friends of many popular residents by the extension of the street railway up Avenue road. Mrs. Suydam and her husband received their guests in the drawing-room, and presented them to the visitors from the South. Mrs. Henry Duggan and the Misses Coldham were in the dining-room at a pretty refreshment table, where lovely pink roses and dainty fare made it a temptation to linger. A few of the guests were: Lady Howland, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Charlie Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew, Miss DuMoulin, Captain Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Mrs. and Miss Louie Jones, Dr. Covernton, Mrs. Chris. Baines, Miss Covernton, Mrs. Waldie, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Mrs. and the Misses Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. Arthurs, and a lot of men, who were, as usual, much overpowered by the women, as is the fashion at the five-o'clocker.

Mr. Brotherhood of Stratford was in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Blackstock has been away for the holidays. There is an increasing anticipation in regard to the opera which has been Mrs. Blackstock's chiefest interest and work for some time. Everyone wishes it a great success, as it will surely have, for (whisper) I hear there is a splendid ballet somewhere among its possibilities, and despite the Grundys the heart of the bald head is not the only heart that adores the ballet.

Talking of bald heads, there is a dear old person who is bald a long way back, and persists in wearing a chimney-pot hat, below which a half moon of bare scalp, fringed with dark hair, gives the funniest back view imaginable.

Mr. Benedict's friends will be interested to hear of his engagement to a fair maid of Perth, both parties having warm friends in Toronto.

Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., after a vacation of four months in Europe, has returned to Toronto and is resuming his classes in vocal music and elocution at the Conservatory of Music. The next term begins Tuesday, January 7.

Quarter-Master-Sergeant Thorn and the sergeants of the Queen's Own were at home on New Year's morning from eleven to one o'clock, at 153 Queen street west.

On Monday, December 23, an entertainment was given by the Mystery Club of Peterboro', at the residence of Mrs. John McKee. The programme was made up of tableaux, piano solos by Mrs. Hewson, Miss May Poucher, Miss Mamie Lewis, and songs by Mr. C. Sears McKee. The members of the Mystery Club are: Misses H. Boucher, G. Dennistoun, Aggie Hall, May Denne, Gladys Owen, Madge McGill, Mabel Bradburn, Gerlie Kendry and Mary Goldsmith. About fifty guests were entertained, including Misses L. Dennistoun, M. Boucher, Naomi Lewis, Belcher Denne, M. Hall, Kate Hall, Pearl Lundy, R. Davidson, Gwendolyn Meade, and Messrs. H. Lewis, P. and E. Goldsmith, G. Kirkpatrick, McKeezie, McGill, McKee and others.

A very pretty wedding, attended by over five hundred people, took place in All Saints' church on Monday evening at 6.30 o'clock, when Miss Rebecca, second daughter of Mr. J. L. Morrison, was married to Mr. George Augustus Thorpe. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. H. Baldwin, rector of All Saints'. The bride, who looked charming, was gowned in white satin, with the regulation veil and orange blossoms, and carried a choice bouquet. The bridesmaids were her two sisters, Miss Mary, who was attired in pink satin, and Miss Ella, in pale green satin. The groomsmen were Messrs. George Boulter and Hans Lindner, and the ushers Messrs. Watson McLean, A. Willis, Ross Bremner and A. McCollum. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe held a reception at the residence of the bride's father, 75 Winchester street, at the conclusion of which a company to the number of one hundred sat down to an excellent wedding dinner, at which the good wishes of the company were voiced by Rev. Mr. Baldwin in his usual happy style, and by Mr. Arthur Cox, and felicitously responded to by the groom and the bride's father. The bridesmaids were each the recipient of a beautiful turquoise and pearl ring, the gift of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe went West at 10.15 for their honeymoon.

At Paterson, N.J., on December 19, Mrs. Gibbs, nee Maud Hope, widow of the late Mr. Fred Gibbs of Toronto, was married by Rev. John Robinson to Mr. J. Edgar Bain Earle, eldest son of the late James D. Earle of Albany, N.Y. Mr. and Mrs. Earle sail to-day on the steamship La Normandie for Florence, Italy, where they will spend the winter.

SEE OUR DISPLAY OF...



Chafing Dishes

Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

Rice Lewis & Son
LIMITED
Cor. King & Victoria Sts.
TORONTO

WM. STITT & CO.

LYONS SILKS

Rich White Brocades.
Rich Chamois and Brocaded Silks.

WHITE SATIN

Moire Veloute and Black Brocades.

We are making special prices for Evening Gowns, using our own materials, during this month.

Just to hand, lines of all-over Sequin, Net Laces and Trimmings in all colors.

Special lines of Jewel Laces and Passementries.

Evening Gloves in all the newest shades.

Paris Kid Glove Store

11 & 13 King Street East

The 2 Casks of White China Jar-dinieres

Have arrived, along with a number of other lines we have been out of lately.

PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

P.S.—You cannot buy Bischoff's Colors else where.

ELLIS

Toronto's Leading Diamond House
ESTABLISHED 1836

Ebony Brushes

Our Newest Christmas Importations

Made in Paris to order for our trade and stamped with our name. The styles are the very newest, silver mounted, in rich designs and plain, and your crest, coat of arms, monogram or initial in raised silver is put on by us to your order.

THE J. E. ELLIS CO., LTD.

Manufacturing Jewelers and Silversmiths

TORONTO—3 KING ST. EAST

Dunlop's

ROSES, VIOLETS, CARNATIONS,

LILY OF THE VALLEY

And all seasonable Flowers, at the Salesrooms

5 KING STREET WEST - PHONE 1434
445 YONGE STREET - PHONE 4193

Mail, Telegraph and Telephone orders receive prompt and special attention.

CONSERVATORIES

BLOOM WEST and MCKENZIE AVENUE

PHONE 5125

VISITORS WELCOME

Struck!

All who visit the Bryce Studio are struck by the excellence of the work shown, and when they get there they are pleased. Exclamations, many original phrases, and many, many such as "Isn't it beautiful?" may be heard in the galleries and waiting parlors.

THE BRYCE STUDIO

FINE PHOTOGRAPHERS

107 King Street West

Call up 1734 for sittings

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's dance, which is to the other house dances as is the Yacht Club ball to other balls, took place last Friday evening, and Government House never housed a smarter or more charming lot of young people. For this is always essentially a young people's dance, chaperones being few and far between and an atmosphere of informality being the rule, added to by the invariable absence of programmes. And verily the merry party was meetly welcomed and admirably provided for in all that makes for comfort and elegance. The wide entrance hall, where the table bearing that wonderful collection of autographs known as the visitors' book stands as a reminder on the historic "Wednesdays," was a spacious *salon*, rich with flowers, rugs and luxurious sofas and capacious chairs. The drawing-rooms—but everyone knows what they look like under the present rule, only they looked a trifle better than usual on Friday, all light and warmth and beauty—sweet with the odor of many flowers, and arranged as only their mistress knows how, for the very best effect. The orchestra and floor of the ball-room tempted the dancers, but it was notable that with such a large number of guests no crowding was suffered. In fact, it was no hardship, but rather a pleasure to sit out dance after dance in some cozy corner, and many were they who thus enjoyed themselves. There were *debutantes* in white, Miss Michie being one of the most popular, and a few chaperones, who were gowned in their best in honor of the occasion. Mrs. Cattanech wore a lovely gown of pale heliotrope, with many pearls, and her glorious hair perfectly arranged. Mrs. Crowther was as dainty as possible in that pretty gown which provoked so much admiration at Waverley last month. Miss Augusta Robinson wore a dress of delicate gray, with white folded bodice; her pretty niece, Miss Mary Robinson, wore a yellow frock, very rich and modish. Miss Mills of Guilph was in pale green and black. Mrs. Ross of Winnipeg wore a white satin gown, brocaded with the new large flowers and with pink chiffon on the bodice. Many white gowns in every style and material, from the lustrous heavy white satin to the airiest gauze, flitted in and out, from dim avenues of palms in the conservatory, through the brilliant *salons*, and around the shining expanse of the ball-room. I missed one or two of the fairest maidens, and many gentle words of sympathy were murmured when talk turned to the sad news of sickness and impending death, which had come from the home in the Queen's Park, and which accounted for the absence of those who were so much missed. To the observant it is a lesson in the art of entertaining to watch the unwearied care for their guests which is the one thought of the host and hostess, and the son and daughter of the gubernatorial mansion, and though the kind look and word and the tactful management seem never weary in well-doing, it is quite possible that weariness is the natural penalty of doing it so well. The dance concluded at a late hour and is now one of the happiest memories of 1895.

There is a whisper of an exodus to Bermuda soon after New Year, and several smart people are turning their plans about to admit of a trip south in January and February. Mrs. Goulding is away again, having been unable to face a Canadian winter.

The residence of Mr. Hugh Reddie, 155 Bathurst street, was the scene of a happy event on Christmas evening, when his youngest daughter, Lella, was married to Mr. J. W. Daniel. Rev. J. A. Turnbull, B.A., LL.B., pastor of the West Presbyterian church, officiated. The bride was given away by her father and was attended by Miss Ada Bywater, Mr. Robert H. Wilson of Buffalo acting as best man. The bride's gown was of soft white silk draped with a flounce of rich lace. She wore the usual tulle veil with a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle, the veil being caught up on the left shoulder with a diamond star. She carried a bouquet of bride roses and maiden-hair fern. The bridesmaid was charmingly dressed in pink silk, carrying a bouquet of pink roses. She wore a gold brooch in the form of a true lover's knot, the gift of the groom. After an elaborate wedding supper the happy couple left for a short tour in the States. The bride's going-away costume was of olive green ladies' cloth trimmed with velvet and passementerie, and velvet hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel will reside at 85 Borden street.

On Saturday evening last Hope Villa, Agincourt, the residence of Dr. O. Sisley, was the scene of a brilliant and festive gathering, the occasion being the first annual banquet of the Agincourt Lawn Tennis Club. Despite the efforts of Jupiter Pluvius to mar the occasion by drenching torrents, nearly all the members and invited guests were present. After the luscious bivalve and the toothsome turkey had been disposed of, a toast list, interspersed with impromptu songs and choruses, was proceeded with. The various toasts were eloquently responded to by the following gentlemen: Dr. Sisley, Mr. J. C. Clark, Mr. G. H. Deane, Mr. J. M. Field, B.A., Mr. G. H. Ramsey, Mr. W. A. Kennedy and Mr. R. Clark. The host and his charming wife entertained the company in a most hospitable manner, while the Misses Paterson added greatly to the evening's entertainment by their delightful songs and piano selections.

Very handsome Christmas cards from Colonel Mason and the officers of the Grenadiers found their way about this week. A pretty engraving of the Armories, with the regimental crest and colors, and a border of holly and maple leaves, made up the souvenir.

The banquet given at Webb's by the Society of Musicians took place last Friday evening. The president, Mr. Anger, took the head of the table, with Mr. Walter Robinson at the foot. A number of ladies were present, and an elaborate menu was served. Toasts, such as the usual patriotic one of The Queen, several relating to the advancement of music, and the customary gallantry, "The Ladies," were proposed and responded to in very fitting phrases. Friday evening being so generally that selected for choir practice, some of the city's organists came in rather late, but the long table gradu-



Complete Clearing of Mantle Goods

It is perfectly astonishing the prices at which we are selling Coats, Capes, Jackets and all kinds of Wraps. The goods are new this season, but the fact does not prevent us cutting prices in some cases down to one-third first price. Our aim is to clear the goods before we commence removal to the new store.

R. SIMPSON

84, 86, 88, 90 YONGE ST.
TORONTO

ally filled up, and a very enjoyable evening was too quickly at an end. The pretty wife of the president wore a most becoming dinner gown of mauve and white; Mrs. Saunders, who is always the picture of sunny good-humor and has a disposition to match her looks, was in a pretty white silk; Mrs. Fisher was detained at home by illness, much to the regret of everyone, but the president of the Conservatory was near the head of the festive board. Mr. Kechab Tandy sang splendidly. The object of the annual banquet is the promotion of friendly feeling and good-fellowship, but so far as the guests of Friday were concerned there seemed the greatest abundance of the one and the other.

Monsieur Henri de Grelle-Rogier has been appointed a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold for services rendered to Belgium in his official capacity at Court in London. The Chevalier and his charming wife, who was Miss Marion Russell of Brantford, and sister of Mrs. Jack Strange of Kingston, were banqueting in London last month at the Cafe Royal in celebration of this honor, the Belgian Minister, His Excellency Baron Whettnall, taking the chair on that occasion.

One of the engagements which has been announced this Christmas-tide is that of Mr. George Allan and Miss Muriel Wragge. Two others, which have for some time been an open secret, are that of Mr. McDowell Thompson and Miss Mulock, and that of Mr. O'Connor of Montreal and winsome Miss May Hughes.

The German Club intend holding their meetings in St. George's parlor during the season, and on Saturday evenings, that being the only evening for which the parlor can be secured.

The French Club meets at Mr. Bourlier's on the 11th of this month, at eight p.m.

An inevitable feature of the Christmas dances is the red coat of the cadet. The cadets are mostly rather callow young persons, but there are two at least whose faces might be their fortunes.

Major Lessard was welcomed back to dancing circles on Friday. The Colonel, the Major and the Captain are always welcome, as anyone can see. By the way, one of the sweetest gowns of the season was worn by the wife of another colonel, he of the kilts and plaidie, at the dance of last week. Mrs. Davidson looked remarkably well in her handsome dress of heliotrope and many spangles.

Mr. Dickson Patterson is laid up with a sprained ankle.

Mr. Higman, who broke his leg by a fall from his wheel some weeks ago, is now able to move about a little on crutches.

Mr. Alfred Wright, manager of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., had a nasty fall in the Athletic gymnasium on Friday last, but is now all right again.

Mrs. Alder Bliss has been up for a holiday visit to her parents, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin.

Mrs. Campbell Macdonald's many friends are delighted to see her about again after a tedious

convalescence. I believe Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Macdonald are to go to the South next month.

A knowing man was asked to select the most perfect gown at a dance recently. Without a moment's hesitation he pointed to a small lady in white. "That's the one," he said, "because that lady has every accessory perfect; gloves, shoes, hose, handkerchief and *coiffure* are elegant. As to the dress, it's well cut and well made, lined with silk and short enough to dance backwards or forwards in. And she sits and stands and walks and dances gracefully. She is unobtrusively perfect." And the woman who had asked stood amazed that any man knew so much.

A dear girl who does not forget her Toronto friends is Miss Harris, niece of Dr. Strange, who is now at her home at Greygryg, Bedford, England, and from whom have come pleasant Christmas greetings.

Mrs. Albert Austin gives a tea this afternoon.

The military ball at Hamilton last evening was worthy of the 13th, which gives sufficient assurance of its excellence.

At a dinner the other evening, given by a presumably well informed caterer, the waiters were supplemented by a couple of maids. When the soup, fish and so on, had been served, the guests were paralyzed to be greeted by the serving maids with the orthodox hash-house cry, "Roast-beef-roast-geese-or-lamb." It was rather a bad break on a state occasion, and many were the smiles thereat!

A young matron whom I have heard described as the happiest-looking little wife in

COOK'S
292 & 304 King Street West
TURKISH BATHS
Phone 1296
REDUCTION IN PRICES
Day Baths, 75c; Evening, between 9 and 10, 50c.
LADIES, including Hairdressing, 75c.
Experienced Chiropodist, Masseuse and Masseuse in attendance.

A Lady's Visiting List
TYRRELL'S BOOK SHOP
That is much better than any other we know of is to be seen only at our store, 12 West King St. It's new in arrangement, and contains a record of more visits than any other; bound in handsome leather cover, price 75c. Tyrrell's, 12 West King Street.

AND NOW
We wish one and all a bright, prosperous and
HAPPY NEW YEAR
We thank you for the favors of the past, and hope to merit a liberal share of your patronage during '96.
KENTS' JEWELERS
144 Yonge St.
SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK

Poultry
Tons of Turkeys, Geese etc., for Christmas trade
Our arrangements are made. We shall have the largest, best and cheapest stock in the city. Buy early and secure the first choice.
F. SIMPSON
756, 758 and 760 Yonge Street
TELEPHONES—3445 and 4379



Evening Styles 1895-6

With such an array of all the most stylish Evening Silk Fabrics, as we have imported this season, and with the highest class dressmaking facilities on the premises, we can confidently assure the ladies of Canada that, from our establishment in Toronto, they can now be as well costumed as formerly, when compelled to send to London and Paris for their gowns.

JOHN CATTO & SON KING STREET
Opposite the Post Office



Lazenby's

Pickles, Sauces
Flavored Vinegars
Potted Meats and Fish

ARE THE BEST MANUFACTURED.

Toronto is now presumably as happy as can be, since the storks brought her a sweet baby girl about a fortnight ago. Mrs. Anglin seems scarcely a possible mamma, it is so short a flight of time since she was the dear little *debutante*, Miss Madeline Falconbridge. And before we know where we are Miss Maddie the second will be a power in society.

Mrs. John Taylor's dance on Tuesday promises to be a charming affair. It will be held in St. George's Hall, a *salon* which, as I predicted, is the choice for large dances.

Popular Ices At... Popular Prices

—BISQUE OF ICE CREAM
—PISCHACH ICE CREAM
—ALMOND ICE CREAM
—GLACE AUX MARRONS
—ROMAN PUNCH
—ROCK PUNCH
—PUNCH AU MARASQUIN
—NESSEBRODE PUDDINGS

and all the standard flavorings in Creams and Water Ices. Individual fancy forms in great variety. All made from pure sweet cream, with carefully selected flavorings.

The HARRY WEBB CO., Ltd.
447 Yonge Street

We Have Infallible Remedies ... FOR HEADACHE



Everybody has a pet remedy for such an ailment as a severe headache. You will freeze your head by the direction of some, and blister your feet to please others, but if you want a remedy that will not fail to bring relief, it is waiting for you, done up in 100 packages of HOOPER'S HEADACHE POWDER. Prepared solely by

HOOPER & CO., Druggists
43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Avenue



Seal-Skin Jackets

Coat Back or Ripple Skirts, large full sleeves, best satin lining, 34 and 36 inches long—\$200, \$225 and \$250.

Popular 24-inch "Tribby" style
\$150.00
OUR OWN MAKE
J. & J. LUGSDIN - 101 Yonge St.
TORONTO

The Glass of Fashion

AND The Mould of Form

the observed of all observers, and we might add, well worth observing is a lady's slender figure rendered more graceful and stylish by the wearing of our

"Contour Corsets"

This is one of our newest styles, rapidly coming into favor here and elsewhere, an elegant, durable and comfortable corset which gives the much desired contour of figure.

Beware of imitations. See that every pair is stamped with our name and date on patent.

The Crompton Corset Co.
TORONTO

Golden Hair

is universally admired. We make a specialty of Restoring, Coloring, Dyeing or Bleaching Hair to any desired shade, and prepare washes for this purpose that are harmless as water and very easily applied. Our Quinine and Cantharides for promoting luxuriant growth of the hair has no equal. To prevent disappointment make early appointment for Hair Dressing for

BALLS, THEATERS, CONCERTS, Etc.
Our TURKISH BATHS are the finest in Canada. Ladies' bath and hair dress, 75c. Gent's evening tickets, 50c.

W. T. PEMBER 137 Yonge St.
Phone 3475

The Excitement of the Xmas Season is Over

The TWO WEEKS' HOLIDAY should be taken advantage of by the refined class of LADIES to have their HAIR, as well as their children's, carefully attended to, as the GROWING GLORY under no circumstances should be neglected. The TELL TALE appearance of the HAIR is far more important than the artificial manner.

A LADY whose HAIR is becomingly dressed and cared for is always sure to make a good impression and be admired wherever she goes.

Anyone can Trim, Singe, Shampoo and Dress the hair, but how? There are numerous hair dressing places which attend to ladies, but the care of the hair or how to dress it is a mystery to themselves.

We have always made a SPECIALTY OF THE CARE OF HAIR, LADIES' HAIR DRESSING, HAIR GOODS and Perfumery, and that only. Ladies and Children's hair carefully trimmed, singed and shampooed. Hair and scalp scientifically treated after illness, fever or general falling out. Hair colored and dyed in every shade, no matter what color it is or was. Ladies' latest style of Bangs, Waves, Headcoverings, Toupees and Wigs for ladies and gentlemen. If you want something nice come to us. For the coming ball, parties, etc., ladies are kindly requested to make their appointment at least eight days in advance, if possible.

FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSING.
J. TRANGLE-ARMAND & CO.
Colleur-Parfumeurs
441 Yonge St., (cor. Carlton) Toronto, Canada
TELEPHONE 2498

Hair Dressing Hair Goods

It will please the ladies to get their hair dressed in the latest and most becoming style. Try our HAIR DRESSING, Shampooing, etc. We will satisfy you. OUR HAIR GOODS are noted to be of first-class—still we sell cheap.

See our Switches of all long hair. Our beautiful BANGS of natural curly hair. Wigs in the most modern styles. We have a tremendous stock to choose from. We also keep the largest stock of Theatrical Wigs and Make-ups of any house in Canada.

Direct Importers and Manufacturers
The Dorenwend Co.
Ltd., of Toronto.
Prof. H. DORENWEID, Mgr.
183 & 185 Yonge St.
Telephone 1551.

Smart Millinery

Miss Paynter

Latest and Prettiest Novelties In French and English Millinery

3 KING STREET EAST
First Floor. Ascend by Elevator.
TORONTO, Ont.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROOKS

By ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

(Illustrated by Starr Wood.)

COPYRIGHTED IN ENGLAND BY JAMES BARR

On the moss-covered stone which caps the family vault of the Courtenays in the graveyard of the quiet little village of Hollow, the curious may to this day trace these words, once chiseled in bold letters:

BERNARD COURTENAY.
Aged 28 years.
Killed by Accident.

The dates of birth and death, it may be from having been cut less deeply into the stone, are almost obliterated by the rains of many winters, and cannot now be read. But the last three words cover a strange and frightsome story.

The Courtenays, as everyone knows who is at all acquainted with the history and traditions of pastoral Essex, are one of the oldest families in the county. Courtenay Hall, the family seat, is a grand pile ante-dating Elizabeth and its turrets may be seen miles away, towering above the great oak trees which cluster so jealously around and shut out all but these from the gaze of the inquisitive world. The park is one of the finest in England. A glorious avenue of elms and limes extends from the front of the Hall to the highway more than a quarter of a mile away; and to one side of the Hall a lawn lays green with the nurture of five hundred years. This lawn was the scene of young Courtenay's death, "accidental," if we judge as generously as the records of the churchyard.

Following in the footsteps of his ancestors, Bernard Courtenay went to Eton, and then to Oxford. He was a sturdy, athletic, determined young aristocrat, full of spirit and enterprise, who began his life to the roll of drums that had sounded the advance in a hundred battles. Ancestors of his had stood by the side of Richard the Lion-hearted under the walls of Jerusalem; had marched victorious from stricken fields with the Black Prince; had fought a losing fight in the ranks of Prince Rupert, and had held the corner of a square and saw Napoleon's hopes dashed to pieces against it on the fateful day of Waterloo. To such a youth, with such a history behind him, there was, of course, only one profession open—the Army. But it so happened that at the time he left college, the world, so far as England was affected, promised a long peace. On the other hand, the news of a serious uprising by the Indians in America was brought across the ocean by the sailing ships which traded between the old world and the new, and this news fired the heart of the young man. He at once consulted the family records, and was overjoyed to find a precedent. Hastening to his father, he called the old gentleman's attention to the undoubted fact that an ancestor had been slain in the King Philip uprising in America. This was enough. He readily obtained permission, booked his passage on a clipper ship to New York, and, in as short a space of time as wind and tide permitted, found himself roughing it with a detachment of Uncle Sam's army in what was then the Far West. Through two months of coarse feeding, hard marching, and strange and apparently ineffective fighting, hestuck to the troops, charmed by the American off-handedness of his companions and their manner of making light of the greatest difficulties, and in his turn endearing himself to them by his modest frankness and the boyish delight he took in hard work.

By the time the war was ended he had conceived a great liking for the Indian character. He had seen the braves fight with every weapon, mental and physical, which Providence and the white man had provided them. He had seen them pick off soldiers the most alert in the world, and disappear like the coyote of the prairie, God knows where, when the soldiers attempted to find them. He had seen five dead soldiers to one dead Indian, and as a soldier he loved the man, white, black or red, who could give an English-speaking warrior a hard fight. Stated in the American General's tent one evening, Courtenay said, "General, I've been thinking."

"Good," interrupted the General, "I'm glad to hear it. I'm going to begin thinking myself pretty soon. Hanged if I've had time to do anything lately but dodge red-skin bullets."

"Well, General, the fact is I'd like to take a dozen of the best of these Indian warriors home with me to show the folk."

The General was silent for a minute.

"If they were mine you could have the lot," he said at last; "take them all, and turn them loose in the New or Epping Forest you have been speaking about."

"Thank you, General," Courtenay laughed, "I want a dozen."

"The fact is, Courtenay, the United States have only two uses for the Indians. We'll feed 'em or we'll fight 'em, and the Indian takes his choice. As to transplanting them, even a temporary transplantation, I am not so sure that it can be done. You will have to get permission from the President, and undertake on the honor of your family, and the British Constitution in general, to return every one of them, and return them alive."

"I would like your assistance in procuring such permission."

"Why, certainly. I'll do all I can. I guess we can just about manage it between us."

Between them they did manage it, and three months later the smoke from a number of quaintly painted wigwags curled up through the branches of the ancestral oaks in the great park surrounding Courtenay Hall.

The strange arrivals, as was natural in those days of little travel and big stories, created a sensation in the quiet country district, and exaggerated reports of the fierceness of these particular red men soon spread to all quarters, with the result that several boys who hitherto had been in the habit of stealing out at night, now put their heads under the bedclothes and trembled at the strange sounds of night, and doors were bolted which had not been bolted for years. For the first few days nobody saw the red men except the folk at the Hall; but on the fourth day a tall figure, topped with feather-bedecked greasy hair, and trailing a dirty flame-colored blanket from his shoulders, shuffled down the only street in the town,

looking neither to the left nor the right, nor halting on the way. Nor were the villagers the only ones interested in the new comers. The neighboring landed families and gentry in general were all eager to see the red men from the West. To satisfy this desire Bernard Courtenay decided to give a garden party, to which were invited the friends of the Courtenay family.

It was on the evening before the day set for this gathering that an ominous thing happened and a strange scene was enacted under the oaks of the park.

Squatted on the ground before his wigwag, moody and silent, the Medicine Man sat, his thoughts away to the forests of the West. He was turning over in his mind and arranging in traditional form for the benefit of generations to come the brilliant deeds done by the tribes in the late uprising, when his attention was attracted to the rooks as they came flying home to their nests. The birds came winging their cumbersome way, their raucous voices sounding from every direction, and, so it seemed to the prophet as he sat there cautiously watching them from under his brow, they clustered in unnumbered legions on the tall trees of the park.

For a long time he watched with superstitious awe the black, noisy birds. As he sat there an almost forgotten legend of his tribe, a legend which, it may be, had never been told to him, but which he had inherited as he inherited his straight black hair, came to his phantom haunted mind. This he turned over and over again, gradually building it into substantial form, adding, re-arranging, developing. His brain caught the first spark of fire and he began to mutter and mumble to himself.

As the spell increased he crooned in a low, weird voice, looking fixedly at the ground, and swaying to and fro as though rocked by the evening breeze. One by one his brother warriors raised their heads and looked at him, then drew their blankets closer around their faces, and, silently gliding to where he sat, they too seated themselves on the grass so as to form a circle around him. The full moon, red and angry, rolled up in the east, filling the park with distorted shadows. The prophet began to chant in a monotonous tone, but with a recurring pulsation which stirred the Indian blood. He sang of the great Manitou, who had come from the clouds to bless the tribe and prosper it at the hunt and on the war-path; he sang of the days when the earth had opened and swallowed in fire all but the one chosen tribe; he sang of the deeds of daring and valor performed by their chief in days gone by, of the scalp-locks that fluttered against the lodge poles at home, each telling a fateful

breakfast he paid a visit to the encampment and saw in the impassive faces of the braves no hint that anything unusual had occurred. All the forenoon the Indians in picturesque attire stood under the trees stoically watching the preparations for the day's amusement: the driving of the stake to which the pretended captive was to be tied, and the piling of the brushwood at its foot to make more realistic the sham fire which was to consume the victim. As the afternoon advanced carriages filled with merry guests rolled up the long avenue, and groups of laughing people paraded the grounds to view the sinister preparations, and to cast curious glances at the silent figures in full war paint and feathers; figures which seemed to be cast in bronze so silently they stood.

When the preparations for the entertainment were finished Bernard Courtenay walked towards the group of chattering guests now collected on the terrace. He was dressed in the garb of the American woodsman, buckskin breeches and woolen shirt belted with leather, and a powder horn and bullet pouch hung from his shoulder. As he approached the people, a handsome girl in a dainty costume of pink and white stepped gracefully to meet him.

"Why, Bernard, I can scarcely believe my eyes!"

"If they are as true as they are beautiful you do them an injustice in your unbelief," he said gallantly.

"You are a regular savage in that garb," she continued, blushing just a little. "Where in the world did you come by those things?" She held her pretty white fingers for him to take. When their hands met young America looked lovingly into the sparkling eyes of fair Miss England.

"I am not Bernard," he said jauntily; "at least, not this afternoon. Please to know that from now until I'm burnt at the stake in the evening, I am Eagle Eye, the Scout."

"You look it, I assure you," the girl laughed. "You look exceedingly mysterious and overpowering."

"Oh, that's intentional. I'm on the war trail at this very moment, and should look overpowering and awe-inspiring and all that. I'm on your trail, Laura."

"Indeed?" she said enquiringly.

"Yes," he continued as he slipped her hand through his arm and walked away from the guests. "Yes, I've been looking for you, and now that I have captured you I want you to promise me something. I want you to give me the first dance to-night, and at least two more before the evening is over. Two, you understand."

"I thought captives were given no opportunities to dance."

"This particular one will have more opportunities than she will well know what to do with. That is why I want to be promised now before it is too late. Please?"

"I'll think of it," she answered tantalizingly, and then exclaimed, "Why, here are two more of you!"

"Oh, yes. My backwoods companions."



"Looking neither to the right nor the left, nor halting on the way."

tale, and of the wrongs that had been done the tribe by the white man. His voice all the time getting higher and fiercer, he sang of the prophecy which had come down to them from time immemorial that the tribe should stray to a strange land, and once there, a great flight of crows would come from the sky and turn to warriors; that before these the white foe would disappear like the mist in the morning. As he chanted the strange jumble of prophecy and legend his brother warriors one by one shook from their shoulders the blankets, leaped to their feet, and began the ominous war-dance around the crooning prophet. By the time the last light was extinguished in the Hall, all the savages were on their feet, beating to the earth the lush grass of the old English park with the peculiar halting stamp of the war-dance from the New World; and now and again the exultant cry of one whose savage excitement got the better of his discretion, caused the servants in the Hall to start in terror. As the moon rose above the turrets of the Hall, twelve tomahawks had quivered deep into the trunk of the oak near to which the warriors danced.

The morning that followed proved full of promise for a glorious day.

Bernard Courtenay arose early. Before

Allow me to introduce to you, Laura, Sure Shot Dick and the Wolf."

The two young men, both of them known to all present as sons of neighboring families, came forward in dress similar to Bernard's, and with grand sweeps of their coonskin caps bowed to Laura amid the laughter of all present. The guests now crowded around the young men to hear the details of the programme.

"Oh, yes, there will be plenty of shooting," Bernard said cheerfully, so that all could hear; "plenty of it, so you had better be prepared to put your fingers in your ears. You may be sorry to know that we fire at each other with nothing in our guns but powder. Then there is a glorious scene in which I am to be burnt at the stake."

"How horrible!" shudderingly exclaimed a number of the girls.

"Yes, we hope to make it fairly horrible, as far as sham fire and plenty of shouting will render it. Now please be seated and let us commence."

The performance began with running and dancing and feats of agility by the solemn-visaged warriors, and as the afternoon wore to evening the Medicine Man cast many glances in the direction of the rooks' nests. But for

It's as easy to ask for

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA

as to simply ask for tea, and then what a difference when you are drinking it.

"SALADA" is never sold loose—always in lead packets.

COAL - COAL - COAL

LOWEST MARKET PRICES

BRANCH OFFICES: 3884 Yonge St. Tel. 161 572 Queen St. West. Tel. 159. OFFICES AND YARDS: Yonge St. Dock. Tel. 190. Cor. Front & Bathurst. Tel. 182.

P. BURNS & CO.

38 KING STREET EAST. 'PHONE 131



long time the trees were deserted. Not until the last scene of the performance was about to be enacted did the fanatic shout with exultation. Away across the meadows he saw the advance guard of the rooks flapping its way towards the Hall, followed by countless thousands of black companions. They came through the still air of evening cawing fretfully.

The Indians had begun the frightsome war-dance, and louder and louder and sharper and sharper came the war-cry from their throats, as around the prophet's excited form they stamped the ground and searched the grass for a foe. Even the spectators began to feel the dread of the scene and to forget that they were in the heart of peaceful England, so earnestly the dance proceeded. The prophet gazed into the sky as he sang triumphantly the legend of the rooks. As the birds clustered on the treetops, Bernard Courtenay and his two young followers came crawling in from under the bushes to proceed with the pretended capture. They fired a volley of powder at the dancers, but no Indian dropped at the report. On the contrary, with a bound the whole band were on the top of the young men. The guns, with needless violence, were wrested from their hands and they were thrown on their backs and bound so tightly that they cried out from pain. The Indians danced around their captives, shouting and barking. All but one. The prophet proceeded slowly, his hands uplifted towards the rookery, and called upon his brothers to come down to earth and avenge the death of the warriors slain by the white man.

Bernard Courtenay cast anxious glances at the faces around him. Through the shouts of the savages he caught momentary sounds of applause from the guests, and although forebodings came to him he could not but think that all was right. Some distance from the stake his companions were halted and made to sit on the grass, with their backs towards the fire. Bernard's arms were ruthlessly drawn behind his back around the stake and tied with alarming security. The thongs cut into his very bones. By this time he was thoroughly frightened, and when he saw a savage shake from under his blanket a bundle of shavings and another pour a bottle of fat over the fire-wood, he realized that the devil was loose and shouted at the top of his voice.

But his shouts were useless. The Indians massed themselves between the stake and the spectators, dancing and shouting and beating their war drums, completely drowning his cries and even hiding him from view. The flames crept rapidly through the dry wood piled at the foot of the stake, and it was not long before they enveloped the young man's form. He strained at his fetters with the strength of a giant, crying for mercy and for help, and each minute growing weaker, as the flames writhed around his frame. He caught fleeting glances of his friends on the terrace, who, unknowingly, were witnessing the awfullest tragedy the old Hall had ever seen. But no help came, and the face of the young man gradually sunk to his breast, and the last of the Courtenays was dead.

As the fire burned the savages cast anxious glances towards their prophet, who still stood under the trees, his blanket lying at his feet and his hands uplifted in supplication. But the rooks with much clamor proceeded with their preparations for the night and showed no disposition to assume any other shape than their own.

The truth was long in penetrating the Indian mind, but when the warriors realized that they were to receive no help from their brothers, they stopped their dance, and leaving their two intended victims still seated on the grass they ran to their wigwags, and squatting on the ground stoically awaited what might befall.

Handsome Features.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

Her Majesty Would Do.

The Duke of Sutherland presented a park to one of the pottery towns. The opening was a big event, and the Prince of Wales was asked to perform the ceremony. A deputation waited upon the Prince accordingly, a wealthy and worthy magistrate being spokesman. "Honest old John" was noted less for court-like demeanor than for being large-hearted, rough and ready, and real Staffordshire. Unfortunately, His Royal Highness was unable to comply.

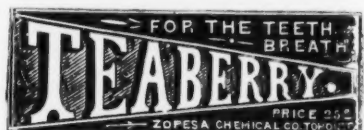
"I should have been most happy," said he, "had I known sooner."

"Canna tha spare half a day just to show thy face?" said the worthy fellow. "We shall look fules when we get back."

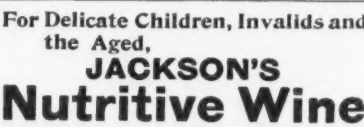
Much disconcerted, the deputation seemed at a loss how to proceed. Suddenly an idea struck their resourceful leader, and turning to the Heir Apparent, he said, "Well, if tha canna come, send tha mother."

A Refined Man

Who is a smoker, always insists on having the very best to be had in cigars or tobaccos. You will be assured of getting the very choicest if the selection is made from the stock of the palace cigar and tobacco store kept by G. W. Muller, nine King Street West.



DR. O. H. ZEIGLER, Dentist
Room 31, "The Forum," Cor. Yonge and
Gerrard Sts. Office hours, 9 to 5. Office telephone,
5282. Residence, 421 Jarvis Street.



For Delicate Children, Invalids and the Aged,
JACKSON'S Nutritive Wine
This palatable and HIGHLY NOURISHING Wine, prepared with Cod Liver Oil, is easily retained and digested by the most delicate.

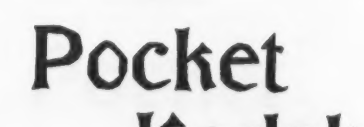
For Wasting Diseases, General Debility, Impaired Digestion, Cough, Catarrhal and Bronchial Trouble and Loss of Muscular Tone. Of great Nutritive value to Adults and Children.

A marked increase in weight is noticeable after taking a few bottles of this Wine, which represents an equal quantity of Cod Liver Oil. All druggists.



"SNAP SHOTS"

What NICER GIFT THAN A



For sale by...



159 Bay Street - TORONTO

GENUINE BARGAINS

Are to be found among the slightly used
Piano Renting Stock

For those desiring to purchase.
The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., Ltd.
143 YONGE STREET.
Branches all through Canada.

DENTISTRY.

DR. JOHN F. ROSS, Dentist
Cor. Yonge and College Sts., Room 5, 2nd Floor
Over Canadian Bank of Commerce. Telephone 4464.

DR. HAROLD CLARK, DENTIST
45 King Street West (Over Hooper's Drug Store), Toronto.
Tel. 1940

MALCOLM W. SPARROW, Dentist
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty
N. W. Cor. Spadina Ave. and Queen Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 2394.

DR. C. J. RODGERS has removed from
College and Yonge to
492 Yonge Street, opposite Alexander Street

MASSAGE.

MASSAGE—THOMAS J. R. COOK
Graduate of West End Hospital, London, Eng.
304 KING STREET WEST
References from leading physicians. Phone 1388

MEDICAL.

DR. COOK, Throat and Lungs, Consumption,
Bronchitis, and Catarrh Specialty.
Office hours 9 to 11 a.m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p.m.
Phone 3568
19 Carlton Street, Toronto

G. P. SYLVESTER, M.D.
Successor to Dr. Atherton
Office and Residence, cor. Church and Isabella Streets.
Office hours, 12 to 2, 6 to 8. Phone No. 4655.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., Homeopathist
324-326 Jarvis Street
Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of men and women. Hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

INSURANCE

FOUNDED A.D. 1710
The Oldest Purely Fire Office in the World
SUN FIRE

INSURANCE OFFICE, OF LONDON, England
Head Office, Canadian Branch
H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.
Surplus over capital and all other liabilities exceeds
\$7,000,000

HIGGINBOTHAM & LYON - Toronto Agents
15 Wellington Street East
Telephone 455.

PHRENOLOGY.

HUGO CAMPBELL, M.A., I.P.
Of the Fowler-Wells' Institute
Business capacity indicated. Marriage adaptation
explained. Ven & M. opp. T. Eaton's

PHRENOLOGY AND PALMISTRY—
PROF. O'BRIEN, the greatest Phrenologist of the
day, has arrived in the city. Office hours—1 to 2, and 7 to
10 p.m., or by special appointment. Special terms for
families. Photos read. 208 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

LITERATURE

UNITARIAN LITERATURE FREE
The Unitarians, by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and other
Unitarian literature by eminent preachers and writers,
sent free to any address. Apply, Secretary Postoffice Mis-
sion, First Unitarian Church, 230 Jarvis street, Toronto.

ARCHITECTS.

BEAUMONT JARVIS
Architect
Traders' Bank Chambers, TORONTO
Telephone 3274

PROFESSIONAL.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto. Phone 1641

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

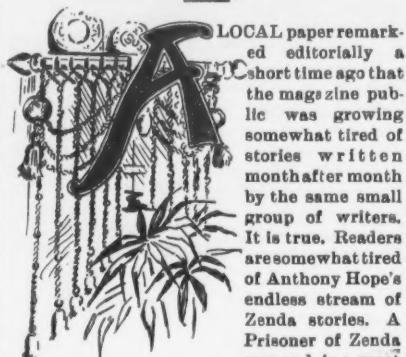
F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
203 YONGE STREET
Opp. Albert Street
Toronto Views, Muskoka Views, Lantern Slides, Printing
for Amateurs. Specialist—Artistic Portrait Prints.

Hints for the Holidays
No better presents can be made for
Christmas and New Year's than a pair of
Dress Shoes or Slippers. Our stock is
one of the largest and choicest in the
Dominion.
Gent's Patent Dress Shoes
and Fancy Slippers. Correct
in style. Ladies, Misses and
Children's Dress and Patent
Slippers. Boys' Patent Dress
Shoes. The best in the
City.
H. & C. Blackford
83 to 89
King Street, F.

A Merry Xmas
Nothing pleases the Ladies
like a nice Boot. Why not
give your Lady Friend a
nice pair for Xmas. Ladies
can get nice Gent's Slippers
AT
The J. D. KING CO., Ltd., 19 KING ST. W.

Men's Hand-sewed Shell Cordovan
Invincible cork sole. This shoe is just the shoe you want
for this time of the year. You can get them at
W. L. WALLACE'S 110
YONGE ST.
TORONTO SAVINGS & LOAN CO.
Subscribed Capital.....\$1,000,000
Paid up Capital.....400,000
FOUR PER CENT interest allowed on deposits, and paid
or compounded half-yearly. Money to lend.
F. W. SCOTT, Secretary,
10 King Street West.

Books and Authors.



LOCAL paper remark-
ed editorially a
short time ago that
the magazine pub-
lic was growing
somewhat tired of
stories written
month after month
by the same small
group of writers.
It is true. Readers
are somewhat tired
of Anthony Hope's
endless stream of
Zenda stories. A
Prisoner of Zenda
was and is a great
story, but its author is
not benefiting the book
by writing all these little Zenda stories for
magazines. Although some of them are good,
others are manifestly produced under pres-
sure, and, pleasing as they were at first, we
are beginning to leave them unread. Why
can he not discover another new kingdom in
Europe? I am a great admirer of Anthony
Hope's work, and would be sorry to see him
lose his public by careless persistence in tales
of Zenda. Conan Doyle killed Sherlock
Holmes without compunction, or rather let me
say that he put an end to this popular hero
with or without reluctance while the world
was yet reading of him with interest. There
are signs to show that Doyle is also about to
drop Brigadier Gerard, whom he has made
gallop and strut through so many stories with
such fine effect. Anthony Hope might do like-
wise, and Stanley J. Weyman, who seems
enamored of one period in French history,
might also change his ground.

In *The Bookman* for January some of our
Canadian singers are again to the front. Por-
traits are given of Archibald Lampman, Dun-
can Campbell Scott, E. Pauline Johnson and
Evelyn Wetherald. A poem, When the Birds
Fly Home, by William Wilfred Camp-
bell is also given and the "Canadian group"
appreciatively spoken of editorially. Miss
Wetherald is not usually included in "the
group," but the publication of her new volume
of verse, *The House of the Trees and Other
Poems*, has immediately entitled her to be
rated first-class. Of late Miss Wetherald has
had a number of poems published in the lead-
ing magazines. As was shown by recent
announcements of new publications by Wil-
liam Briggs, our native poets are nearly all
bringing out new books.

The London *Literary World* thus refers to
the proposed new Canadian Copyright Act:
"The draft of the proposed new Copyright
Bill for Canada is now before us. It arranges
for book and also for serial copyright. The
procedure in the former case has been already
described; the conditions of serial publication
are new. The rules, however, seem simple. If
an author chooses he may protect his serial
rights in either of two ways: either by arrang-
ing for serial publication in Canada, or by
registering his work at Ottawa. If he do
neither, then a stranger may step in, and the
author a second chance of publishing on his
own account before he begins. If the applica-
tion is granted the license binds the person
receiving it to pay a graduated royalty. With-
out shutting our eyes to the great difficulties
in the way of enforcing a Colonial copyright
arrangement that will be acceptable to all
parties, we think this one bears marks, on the
face of it, of having been conceived in the hap-
piest spirit of compromise, and have little doubt
that it will become law. It would, of course,
be more satisfactory to British authors if
Canada could be treated as a part of the Brit-
ish Isles; but, unfortunately, this may not be."

THE BLEST OF ALL THE BLESSED.
John Kendrick Bangs in *The Bookman*.
Blest is the man who never yet has read
A line of these, O Stevenson; whose head
Has still to grasp thy beauties, Thackeray;
Who hath not learned as yet, ye gods, to stray
Through all the many, mad and rich delights
Of Haroun Al Raschid's one thousand nights;
Whose life has yet to know the wondrous bliss
That Byron throws into his every kiss;
To whom the wisdom of Omar Khayyam
Is still tight sealed; to whom the kindly Lamb
Is as unknown as are the many mute
And unambitious Miltons, *and a lot.*
Aye blest is he! What prayers of thanks should rise
From out his lips, before whom so much lies!

Archibald Forbes has been offered \$25,000 by
the New York *Morning Journal* to go to Con-
stantinople for six weeks as special correspon-
dent. The California millionaire who now owns
the *Journal* is trying to spend his money, and
the journalists of New York regard it as a
charitable duty to render him such assistance
as they may.

Youthful Eccentricities, a Precursor of
Crime, by Forbes Winslow, the expert neuro-
path of London, is a book just sent us by the
Funk & Wagnalls Co., Toronto. Many having
care of the young are careless through igno-
rance, and think that as the child grows older
it will outgrow its perverse eccentricities.
This book will teach such that the fault must
lie at their own doors if, its teachings having
been discarded, the child develops into that
which was farthest from their hopes or expec-
tations. The book should be studied by all
having charge of home education, also by those
having pastoral charge of the home educators.

The first copy of *Massey's Magazine* is to
hand and is a very promising first number.
When I quote the list of contributors it will be
seen how carefully the editor has sought to
supply the best that could be had. The writers
are Prof. William Clark, Serenus, G. A. Reid,
R.C.A., E. Pauline Johnson, T. M. McIntyre,
Ph.D., F. G. Anderson, Charles Gordon Rogers,
W. H. Drummond, Ezra Hurlbert Stafford,
Charles G. D. Roberts, Clinton Cowley, and
the Editor. Among the artists whose work is
represented are G. A. Reid, J. T. M. Burnside,
F. S. Challener, F. H. Bridgen, Frederic W.
Falls, and J. B. Lagace. The first number
gives great promise for what will follow. We
are all very much interested in this experiment
of publishing a ten cent magazine in Canada,
and that it will be carefully watched by all
engaged in the publishing business is certain.
It is a courageous venture.

The Reader's Shakespeare, edited and com-

plied by David Charles Bell, is being published
by Funk & Wagnalls, Toronto. The first vol-
ume has reached us. There are some admir-
able features about this new edition of Shake-
speare. There are many editions of the great
poet which appeal to the eye and to the mind.
This abridgment is chiefly intended for the
voice and ear, and it will facilitate the much
prized but still neglected art of reading aloud.
For the first time, in this series (there are to
be, in all, three volumes), all Shakespeare's
dramas will be condensed, connected, empha-
sized and annotated on a uniform plan. The
condensations are for use in schools, colleges,
and for private use and public reading, and
should prove of especial value for use in sup-
plementary reading in the Public Schools.

A Library of Religious Poetry, a collection of
the best poems of all ages and tongues with
biographical and literary notes, edited by the
late Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., and Arthur
Gilman, M.A. This is a splendid book. A
new edition has just been brought out by Funk
& Wagnalls, Toronto. The biographical and
literary notes and dates are of especial value,
and the steel-plate engravings of Milton,
Southey, Whittier, Longfellow, White, Shake-
speare, Cowper, Spencer, Watts, Bryant,
Addison, Dante and Tennyson, add value and
interest to this most desirable acquisition for
the library or the center table. It is a mine to
quarry, a store-house to draw from, a continent
to explore.

A Wondrous Change.

The Story of a Young Lady in Smith's
Falls.

Her Health Was Badly Shattered—Suffered
From a Bad Cough and Constant Pain in
the Side—Pale and Almost Bloodless—Her
Health Again Restored.

From the Smith's Falls Record.
"I know that if I had not begun taking Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills I would not have lived
much longer." These words were uttered by
Miss Mossop, daughter of Mr. Johnston Mossop
of this town, and a young lady extremely
popular among her friends and acquaintances.
Miss Mossop had been ailing for several years,
and her recovery to health is a matter of gen-
eral rejoicing among her friends. To a report-
er she gave her story as follows: "I scarcely
know how my illness began. The first sym-
ptom was a feeling of tiredness upon the slightest
exertion. The color left my face, and I became
as pale as a corpse. Then I was attacked with
a pain in my left side and coughed a
great deal. At first home remedies were
tried, but as they did not do any good a doc-
tor was called in, and I was under his care



for about a year. But the treatment did not
do me any good, and I was steadily growing
weaker and weaker. I was unable to go up-
stairs without having to sit down and rest
when I got there, and the pain in my side
became more and more intense. I kept wait-
ing away and lost all interest in life, and at
last was so low that recovery was not expected.
At this juncture my mother saw an article in a
newspaper relating the cure of a young lady
whose case was almost identical with my own,
and whose cure was due to Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills, and this prompted a trial of that medi-
cine. By the time a couple of boxes were used
there was a feeling of improvement and I con-
tinued using the Pink Pills until I had taken
nine boxes, all the time gaining rapidly, until
now I feel that I have recovered my old time
health. I can now walk a long distance with-
out being tired, and I am no longer troubled
with that terrible pain in my side. My appe-
tite has returned and I can now eat almost as
much as any member of the family, and I
know that had I not begun taking Pink Pills I
would not have lived much longer."

Mrs. Mossop says she cannot express the
gratitude she feels toward this grand medicine
which has restored her loved daughter's health,
and will always speak of it in terms of praise.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially val-
uable to women. They build up the blood, re-
store the nerves and eradicate those troubles
which makes the lives of so many women, old
and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation
of the heart, nervous headache and nervous
prostration speedily yield to this wonderful
medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the
trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at
50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may
be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr.
Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Clara—May has refused a man with half a
million. Carrie—Is it possible? I never thought
she was so mercenary.—Puck.

He—That's a very extravagant cook you've
got. She—Yes, she seems to think we have
victuals to burn.—Yonkers Statesman.

A negro preacher addressed his flock with
great earnestness on the subject of Miracles
as follows: "My beloved friends, the greatest
of all miracles was 'bout de loaves and fishes.
De way was five thousand loaves and two thou-
sand fishes, and de twelve 'postles had to eat
'em all. De miracle is, dey didn't bust."—At-
lanta Constitution.

"Bobby" said a teacher in a Boston school,
"I am surprised at you! You are usually so
studious, and here you are drawing horrid,
idle pictures on your slate." "I beg your par-
don, miss," replied the youth, with the hauteur
of misunderstood genius, "but you are labor-
ing under a misapprehension. This is not a
horrid, idle picture. It is a design for a mag-
azine poster."—Washington Star.

Windsor Salt for Table and Dairy
Purest and Best.

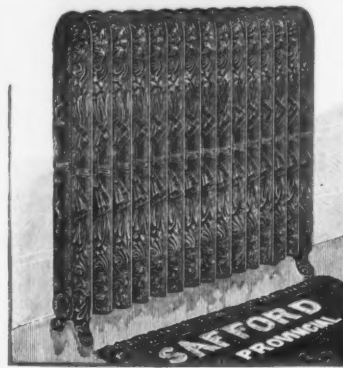
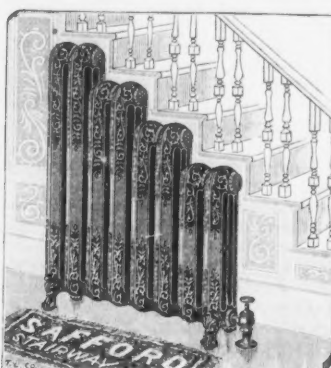
HOT ENOUGH FOR "CLEVELAND"

WAR HATH NO CHARM LIKE A

"Safford" Radiator

FOR HOT WATER HEATING

"Safford" Patent Radiators have won in every battle and will do it again.
They are constructed without Bolts or Packing and cannot leak.



We make broad claims and have the capital and reputation to back them up.
Full particulars on application to

The TORONTO RADIATOR M'FG CO., Ltd.
TORONTO, Ont.

The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag

EVERYBODY
WILL READ
Massey's
Magazine
A TEN-CENT MONTHLY

A new, popular illustrated literary Magazine for home reading everywhere.
High-class throughout—elegant illustrations—contributions of high standing—fine
paper—beautifully printed—standard magazine size (6 1/2 x 9 1/2).

THE JANUARY NUMBER
JUST COMING FROM THE PRESS IS
FULL OF GOOD THINGS.

FRONTISPIECE—By J. T. M. Burnside.
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—Prof. Wm.
Clark, D.C.L.
THE EVOLUTION OF TWO OF MY PIC-
TURES—G. A. Reid, R.C.A.
SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES—I. Macbeth
—T. M. McIntyre, Ph.D.
POEM (Decorated)—Chas. G. D. Roberts.
THE CANADIAN "SOOTY" CANAL—Chas.
Gordon Rogers.
SOME NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS (Drawings
by Frederic S. Challener, A.R.C.A.,
F. H. Bridgen and Frederic W. Falls.)
IN A BOWTIE'S MIRROR (A New Year's
Story)—Ezra Hurlbert Stafford.

There are thirty-six engravings in the first issue, including Mr. G. A. Reid's two
famous pictures—"Mortgaging the Homestead," and "The Foreclosure of the Mort-
gage." For sale at NEWSDEALERS, or send 10 cents for sample copy to
THE MASSEY PRESS, 927 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

JUST WHAT'S WANTED

Morning
Noon
and Night

"REINDEER BRAND"

Condensed Coffee and Milk
Condensed Cocoa and Milk

You can always get a cupful of hot
water. This is all you need.
Ask your grocer for and make sure
you get

"Reindeer Brand"

MANLEY'S
CELERY NERVE COMPOUND
WITH BEEF, IRON & WINE.
Guaranteed to cure
CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA,
NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
DEBILITY, ALL WEAKNESSES,
BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES.
BASED ON
GLYCERINE, MORPHINE, TRIT!
ALCOHOL. ASK FOR MANLEY'S.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL 124 KING ST. W., TORONTO
This beautiful and attractive audience chamber, seating
about five hundred, is on the ground floor, and is available
for Lectures, Concerts, Musical Recitals, Bazaars, Ban-
quets, Balls, Wedding Receptions, Afternoon and Evening
Social Entertainments, Sunday Services, etc.
Lighting, Heating, Ventilation and Acoustic properties
excellent. Convenient Refreshment and Dressing Rooms,
Lavatories, Kitchen with cooking range and other accom-
modations. A smaller Room, seating about one hundred, also on
the ground floor. Commodious and handsomely furnished
Lodge and Meeting Rooms on the first and second floors.
Refreshments moderate. Apply to J. E. PELL, Secretary,
On the premises.

Confederation Life Assembly Hall

Cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts.
IS HIGHLY ADAPTED FOR
At Homes, Banquets, Assemblies, Lectures,
Rehearsals, Conventions, Etc.

The accommodation in connection with the above Hall is
of the highest order, heated by steam and lighted by Elec-
tricity, ventilated by Electric Fans; large Dining-room and
Kitchen with range. Also retiring and dressing-rooms on
the same floor.
For full particulars apply to
A. M. CAMPBELL
Confederation Building, 8 Richmond Street East.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
Glass Bottles and Atomizers
JUST RECEIVED
HARBOTTLE'S Drug Store
KOSMIN HOUSE BLOCK

MISS PLUMMER, Modiste,
Room 28, Oddfellows' Hall Building
2 College Street
Ladies' own materials made up. Terms moderate.

MRS. J. PHILP
Ladies' and Children's Outfitter
Infants' outfits, from.....\$10.00
Infants' Short Dresses, from.....60
Children's Dresses, all ages, to order.
Ladies and Children's Fine Underwear a
Specialty.
Entrance 4 and 6 College St.

No. 10 Washington Avenue
Six doors east of Spadina Avenue
MISS M. E. LAKEY
Formerly of Gerrard Street East, is now conducting
her Dressmaking establishment at above address.
Evening dresses and trousseaus a specialty.

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG
41 King Street West

The Very Latest and Most
Fashionable

Millinery Novelties and Veilings
NOW ON VIEW

HAIR DRESSING The care and treatment of the
hair and scalp a specialty.
MANICURING
L. A. STACKHOUSE, 124 King St. West

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND S. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE No. 1708.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROP'S.

Vol. IX] TORONTO, JAN. 4, 1896. No. 7

Points About People.



R. W. A. FRASER of Toronto tells a good story of the late George Augustus Sala, which he had from a friend out in Calcutta who was present on the occasion. The occasion was a convivial dinner in London several years ago, at a kind of semi-literary club of which Sala was a member, one of the guests of the evening being a young American of very pronounced type. Wine and spirits were freely consumed, and the Yankee scandalized his English hosts by wanting to fight when he got far gone in his cups. He wanted to thrash the whole British Isles, and Sala, a man of strong temper, was unfortunately chosen as the first point of attack. He accommodated the Yankee and before the club men could suppress the row the principals were somewhat damaged. Mr. Sala had a black eye and a torn coat, and his antagonist had sustained even more serious injuries. Of course it was a scandalous and preposterous occurrence in a London club, and next day its president received a characteristic note of apology from Sala. He said: "I spent last evening at the club; of that I am positive. I have no recollection of what took place, but as I view my eye in the mirror, I put one and two together and conclude that there must have been an American present. If there was such a person present he must have been a guest of the club, and therefore I sincerely apologize for whatever may have happened." The suggestion that no Englishman would be guilty of such a breach of club etiquette and gentlemanly habit was very neatly conveyed.

Mr. George A. Meagher, who since 1891 has been the unchallenged champion figure and fancy skater of the world, is a Canadian well known in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. He spent last winter in Europe and will remain for the present season in London, where he has profitable engagements, returning to Canada next summer. Mr. Meagher has already given an exhibition of his skating ability before the Princess Louise, and at a date early in January is to skate before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He had the honor of being received at Kensington Palace. Mr. Meagher has also been busy in other ways, for it is announced that he has invented a new style of skates and non-laceable skating boots, which have been brought into fashion and use by many of the nobility. Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Foster of London are also announcing a book just published by them from Mr. Meagher's pen on Figure and Fancy Skating. This volume is dedicated to Lady Archibald Campbell, and the outside contributors to it are the Earl of Derby, Lord Archibald Campbell, Hon. Algernon H. Grosvenor, Dr. Montague and Mr. S. Monier-Williams. Times are changing, for this young Canadian, who is entertaining the English nobility with his fancy skating, is a near blood relative of that Thomas Francis Meagher, who with William Smith O'Brien and others led the young Ireland movement and was transported to Van Diemen's Land in 1847. "Meagher of the Sword," as Home Rulers call him, was really a wonderful orator of the impassioned and moving kind. Some of his speeches quite surpass Robert Emmet's speech from the dock in fervor and beauty. He escaped from his place of banishment, fought valiantly through the American Civil War, and after all his perils, was ludicrously drowned one night in the Missouri River.

Mr. John Winchester, the popular Master-in-Chambers at Osgoode Hall, who is generally admitted to be one of the cleverest men who ever filled that important position, affords a striking illustration of the effect of early training on a man's after life. Before entering law Mr. Winchester for some time filled most acceptably a more or less important position in connection with a rope-walk. The knowledge in the useful art of manipulating strings, and the opportunities for calm meditation afforded whilst gradually working his way from one end of the rope-walk to the other, doubtless proved of considerable value to him at a later stage, when even his exceptional abilities might possibly have failed of recognition at the hands of a too often ungrateful country. Unquestionably the patience developed and knowledge acquired in unraveling twisted skeins have helped him greatly in solving difficult legal snarls and sometimes cutting Gordian knots in that prompt and eminently satisfactory manner so markedly characteristic of the man, and which has so often evoked the admiration of the profession.

We know how Chief Justice Begbie of British Columbia used sometimes to give prisoners, jurors, and even counsel "a bit of his mind." He has a fit successor on the British Columbia bench in Judge Walkem. At Vancouver recently a man had been acquitted of murder by the jury in the face of the Judge's strong summing-up for a conviction. After the verdict counsel whispered to the prisoner to shake hands with the jury. Prisoner walked up to the head of the jury-box close to the judge and proceeded to follow the advice of his counsel. This was too much for Judge

Walkem. Rising in his seat he shouted, "Here! What in the world are you doing? Get out of this; get out of the building; you'll want to shake hands with me next. I don't believe they'd do such a thing even in the United States. The crowd have cheered, and it pains me to note a British audience cheering at a verdict for the first time in my experience. Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged."

A young Englishman who will in the natural course of events become Duke of Montrose, has started around the globe, and may be expected to visit Toronto and Montreal. He is the Marquis of Graham, and is only seventeen years of age. There is no reason why he should not get an American wife. Lord Randolph Churchill's son refused to follow Marlborough's lead, and seek love and wealth in the United States. He has in preference gone to Cuba to see some fighting in the ranks of Spain. It is rather strange that his American mamma did not interest him in the rebel cause. One young English nobleman is fighting on the rebel side. If he gets shot, American beauties will regard it as a criminal waste. Miss America may now be pictured down at the water's edge, day after day, gazing out to sea, waiting and watching for Montrose.

The Conservative Leaders.

The special Ottawa correspondent of the St. Johns, P.Q., News, last week drew some portraits of such members of the Cabinet as were to be seen in the Capital. His remarks upon Sir Adolphe Caron are particularly good, and it would almost seem that our present Postmaster-General will pass into history as the Canadian statesman who knew the value of a bath and a valet. We clip the following from the bright letter referred to:

I thought Sir Mackenzie looked a little careworn. The gay badinage in which he was wont to indulge before the cares of the supreme office fell upon him, seems to be all gone. The laugh of Mr. Ives may be heard in the Windsor rotunda. With his cap on the back of his head, cigar at the proper angle, and political cronies at his side, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, though sharing all the responsibilities of the moment, takes life easily and sanguinely. Mr. Ouimet looked, I thought, a little distraught; but the gay insouciance of Sir Adolphe would compensate for a much greater degree of saturnity than that which exists in the Cabinet. One must admire a self-complacency which is superior to every difficulty, a composure which no combination of circumstances, no malice of the enemy, can successfully assail. Truly, it may be said of the Postmaster-General that

His bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne.
The best abused man in the Cabinet, he has never lost his temper. Called names which, if uttered a little earlier in the century, must have meant pistols for two and coffee for one, he has, at utmost, retorted with a sardonic smile, all the more deadly for the sleepy disdain in the eye, which did not deem it worth while to kindle in wrath. After all, what are words?—vain things which perish with the breath which sends them forth. And who cares about Hansard? And if one offers a still smile, what can violence do? And in the meantime, life is a very pleasant thing, or it would be a pleasant thing if people only realized all the significance of the bath and a proper toilet. Rhetoric is, indeed, a mere contrivance; but with a good digestion and a valet, life offers pleasurable possibilities at every turn. Sir Adolphe at the council board is like a sudden, grateful whiff of perfume in a stale atmosphere.

The Judgment of the Sage.

Stephen Crane, in the Bookman.



BEGGAR crept walling through the streets of a city. A certain man came to him there and gave him bread, saying, "I give you this loaf, because of God's word." Another came to the beggar and gave him bread, saying, "Take this loaf; I give it because you are hungry."

Now there was a continual rivalry among the citizens of this town as to who should appear to be the most pious man, and all event of the gifts to the beggar made discussion. People gathered in knots and argued furiously to no particular purpose. They appealed to the beggar, but he bowed humbly to the ground, as befitted one of his condition, and answered, "It is a singular circumstance that the loaves were of one size and of the same quality. How, then, can I decide which of these men gave bread more piously?"

The people heard of a philosopher who traveled through their country, and one said: "Behold, we who give not bread to beggars are not capable of judging those who have given bread to beggars. Let us, then, consult this wise man."

"But," said some, "mayhap this philosopher, according to your rule that one must have given bread before judging they who give bread, will not be capable."

"That is an indifferent matter to all truly great philosophers." So they made search for the wise man, and in time they came upon him, strolling along at his ease in the manner of philosophers.

"Oh, most illustrious sage," they cried.

"Yes," said the philosopher promptly.

"Oh, most illustrious sage, there are two men in our city, and one gave bread to a beggar, saying: 'Because of God's word.' And the other gave bread to the beggar, saying: 'Because you are hungry.' Now, which of these, oh, most illustrious sage, is the more pious man?"

"Eh?" said the philosopher.

"Which of these, oh, most illustrious sage, is the more pious man?"

"My friends," said the philosopher suavely, addressing the concourse, "I see that you mistake me for an illustrious sage. I am not he whom you seek. However, I saw a man answering my description pass here some time ago. With speed you may overtake him. Adieu."

Almost Impossible.

Harper's Monthly.

They were discussing the trials of the missionary in savage lands, and after an hour's sifting of the obstacles in the way of those who give up home and comfort for duty, one of them rose up to leave.

"It all comes down to one point, after all," he said. "You can't force predestination and shirts on the heathen both at the same time."

Allah's Vice-Regent.

The Speaker.



BESENT-MINDEDLY I had just drunk the thick dregs of my Turkish coffee, and, by my spluttering and hurried recourse to a handkerchief, proclaimed my new arrival on the shores of the Bosphorus. My guide, a brother *attache*, frivolously assured me the dregs were most nourishing, but left me unconsoled with the ignominious feeling of a thin-skinned man who feels he has done something foolish before strangers. But the rest of the company—Turks to a man—looked sleeper and more solemn than ever. A petty officer of some sort with two days' growth of beard and a kind of shabby postman's uniform, save his fez, was telling some story in which neither he nor the rest of the company appeared to display the faintest interest. Outside the *cafe* a ragged man with a hose watered the dusty street and the legs of passers-by indifferently. Even the gaunt Ulemah counting his beads in the corner, after looking us up and down superciliously when

by reminding us that there was a long Commercial despatch waiting in the Chancery to be written out. We copied the confounded thing, and sighed for lost German beer.

Of course the rumor was false; and what became of that too credulous and excited crowd I never discovered. They had two miles to run to get to Yildiz, and perhaps they thought better of dabbbling in a tyrant's gore, or possibly they were dissuaded with cold steel at one of the numerous barracks on the road.

It is two years now since I witnessed this spontaneous expression of opinion on the part of His Imperial Majesty's Moslem subjects; an opinion not to be obtained easily under ordinary circumstances, when every tenth man you meet is a Government spy. But I doubt if the Commander of the Faithful has grown more popular with his Moslem subjects, and I fear that even being Allah's Vice-Regent will not help him while so many of the true believers credit—or pretend to credit—the little scandal (invented originally by the Young Turkish Party) to the discredit of H.I.M.'s mother.

Whether the Sultan is responsible for the present condition of Turkish misgovernment or not, he is a solitary man fighting an uneven battle in a tight place, and I would rather be commander of the Spanish forces in Cuba!

ALD. JOHN SHAW,
Candidate for the Mayoralty of Toronto.

we just entered, seemed to take no further interest in anything. The enervating south wind was blowing up the Bosphorus and carrying in through the open front of the shop that heavy Eastern smell which is at its richest after the streets have been watered.

Across the road, along Topkapi quay, the spick-and-span gunboats, ranged in a row, all polished brass and white awnings, blazed in the sun.

"I say! Wake up!" broke in my companion. "You'd better come off with me to the stationnaires. You ought to leave cards and do the civil. You've been a week here, and I'm sure the Frenchman will take it as a personal insult if you don't call officially soon."

"My dear fellow, on a day like this to clamper up ships! Anything in reason: but—"

"The Germans have capital beer!"

"But really—"

"Always iced, too!"

"Well! 'Pon my soul, this card-leaving is the curse of the service; but, if it must be done, let's pay here and start in with the Germans."

We were trying to make up our minds as to which of the sleepy Turks was our host, when I began to notice a curious hum in the street, which steadily increased. Suddenly a breathless man, covered with dust, dashed into the shop, shouted hoarsely "Abdul Hamid has been killed at Yildiz!" and was off again to spread his news. Before my rudimentary knowledge of Turkish had mastered this statement, the Turks were on their feet, their faces transformed with excitement. For a moment they paused, bewildered, looking suspiciously at one another. Then the Ulemah, shouting "Allah il Allah! The bastard!" rushed out of the *cafe*, followed by the others also shouting "The Armenian bastard!" and joined with a yelling crowd which poured down the street in the direction of the Palace. There was no one left in the shop or, indeed, in the street, and by a common instinct we made the best of our way—forgetful of iced beer—up the steep hill to the Embassy. Here the news could not have penetrated, as everything was as usual. We slowed down and tried to look calm and dignified in answer to the military salute of the Cavass on duty at the gate.

Evening, the First Secretary, was deep in his annual report on the Sanitary Board, and received us but coldly. We told him our story, but absolutely failed to enthuse him with any of our excitement. They carry that air of sang-froid really too far in the Service. He wouldn't telegraph a word home to the Foreign Office. He positively smiled at us, and said that if it were true the Ambassador would deal with the matter when he returned in the evening from Therapia; he even made things worse

He is Not the Same Chandler.

Canadian Gazette.

A Senator Chandler is one of the fire-eaters whose threats are supposed to keep English and Canadian public men in a constant state of terror. Is this, we wonder, the Senator Zach Chandler who won the friendship of Sir John Macdonald during the Washington negotiations of 1871? The sly Sir John knew how to poke fun at such gentlemen. A letter from him to the Senator, dated 1874, has just been unearthed at Ottawa, and in it we find this delightful final paragraph:

"I take this opportunity of asking you if you have yet made all the arrangements for the annexation of Michigan to Canada. You may remember that on the consummation of that union Her Majesty would be advised to create you Duke of Michigan, Marquis of Detroit and Earl of Grand Rapids. I look back with great interest to my sojourn in Washington in 1871, and to the agreeable acquaintances I made there."

An Omission.

Young Hueband (as he tries to sink his teeth into his wife's first mince pie)—Did the recipe say how to eat this, my dear?

Have You Seen It?

There is a picture of William Penn in a Yonge street window from which one would infer that he must have been a stub pen.

Blenheim.

Blenheim palace, though practically the property of the Duke of Marlborough, is held from the crown on a peculiar tenure—namely, the annual presentation to the reigning monarch of a French flag. The Dukes of Wellington pay the same tribute for Stratfieldsaye, but whereas the Blenheim flag is the Bourbon white sown with fleur-de-lis, that of Stratfieldsaye is the tricolor. The two ensigns are fixed opposite to one another in Windsor Castle, shadowing most appropriately the stump of the Victory's mast, and in close proximity to the Waterloo chamber.

Comments on the Events of Monday.

Who is Sir Mackenzie Bowell working for anyway?—*Globe*.

It looks a little bit as if the bye-elections were good-bye elections—for the Government.—*Hamilton Herald*.

It is said that the remedial order in the Cabinet was carried by only one of a majority. We advise the Government not to trust to such a majority. We speak from sad experience.—*Globe*.

IS ARMENIA FORGOTTEN?—*Mail and Empire*.



A Song of Life.

For Saturday Night.

"A breath, a smile, a sigh, a tear,
A race in the noonday sun,
A rest in the shade by a grassy hill,
A dreamy pause in the twilight still,
And so a day is done."

Soft and sweet and wondrous low
Crept a song thro' the fading light,
The echo sank with the sun's last ray,
A requiem sad—while the dying day
Sank into the arms of night.

Two travelers crossing a lonely wood—
A goal somewhere thro' the mist,
One wanderer follows a laughing stream
That leads thro' the sweetest vale of dream
Each shadowy cloud retreats,
And ever along that sunny path
He sings the song of life,
And ever the echo sinks afar
Beyond the fading light.

"A breath, a smile, a sigh, a tear,
A race in the noonday sun,
A rest in the shade by a grassy hill,
A dreamy pause in the twilight still,
And so a day is done."

Not far away on a weedy road
A second traveler creeps,
His tear-stained face is sad and worn,
His weary feet are crushed and torn,
He moves as one who sleeps,
And ever along that dreary path
He moans the song of life,
And ever the echo sinks afar
Beyond the fading light.

"A breath, a smile, a sigh, a tear,
A race in the noonday sun,
A rest in the shade by a grassy hill,
A dreamy pause in the twilight still,
And so a day is done."

Ah, somewhere afar those roads shall meet
Tho' the travelers may not know,
Beyond the sight of human eye,
Beyond the mist in the western sky
And the sinking sunset's glow.

Meantime, a breath, a smile, a tear,
A sigh in the noonday sun,
A rest in the shade by a grassy hill,
A struggling breath in the twilight still,
And so a life is done!

ESTHER TALBOT KIRKHAMILL

1895

Written for Saturday Night.

The last days of the year are drawing near,
This year, whose history was lightly made,
A cover o'er hill, vale and field is laid,
As if earth did the year's departure fear;
Glory it gave to some, to others, shame;
To some, mirth, and to others, misery;
But where is all it gave, and where will be
Its gifts, when this year is naught but a name?
O, is it that a year may forward fare, [here,
Whose thoughts, but being of the "now" and
Are made to create no enduring thing;
Be such the portion of the days which were,
Let them depart and leave room for a year
Whose days shall something of endurance bring.
Toronto, Dec. 10, 1895. W. ARREST HOBSON.

Fame.

("I desire to be celebrated and to be beloved."—*Honore de Balzac*)

For Saturday Night.

O! to be famous, and to hold mankind
Hanging entranced upon my lightest word;
O! to wake one morning and to find,
My name the sound that all the world hath stirred,
To be admired and flattered, courted, praised,
Thus, the bright castle by ambition raised!

Dreamer, beware! lest an off treacherous fate
Bestow the boon thou cravest upon thee;
And, still exulting, thou shouldst find too late,
Thy fruit hath grown by Egypt's lifeless sea,
And leaves but leafless powder in the mouth,
While the fair mirage turns to driest drouth.

Perchance, like him who raised the splendid spire
Thy o'er Cologne's fair city point to heaven,
Thy fate may be to reach thy heart's desires,
And find the gift withdrawn as soon as given,
For one brief hour thou mayest be known to fame,
Then, dying, leave no shadow of a name!

For, what is fame? 'Tis but a fleeting breath
That dims a mirror's surface, and is gone,
One short sharp struggle, and the gates of death
Knock thee down, while the world goes rolling on.
Though future ages should thy name recall,
What then? 'Tis but a name and that is all.
HARRIS SPENCER CURLEY.

My Gain.

For Saturday Night.

What gains the dark gray waters, cloud o'ercast,
When, bursting mist-damp dungeons, come the sun's
Bright rays;
What gives a leafy glade in summer's moonlike silence
Bladed fast,
When gently breathes Eurus to the wood-nymph's tune-
ful lays;
What gained the harmony of ancient Greece,
When so the lyre's four strings were added three,
That gained I in joy, in light, in peace,
When into my dark, tunnel life God ushered thee.
W. S. B. A.



The Lessons of 1812.



In view of the talk of war between Great Britain and the United States during the past month, it may be interesting to cull from history a few facts in regard to the war of 1812 and the Revolution. Some very striking morals are contained in the records of those conflicts, lessons that should not be lost upon citizens of the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Those who are in a position to do so, should take to delving into history for themselves, to find out the merits of the disputes that caused the spilling of "brother's blood" in 1774 and in 1812. For the benefit of those who have not the time let me submit a few points.

It is very seldom remarked in these days that the colonists, when they cast tea into the Boston harbor and when they first fought with the British regulars in 1774, had no intention of indulging in revolution or of creating a republic, but were simply rebelling against injustice. They intended to resist and put an end to oppression. But the revolution came in spite of them, for blood once shed cannot be restored to the veins again, and soon, within a year of the beginning of the rebellion, the purpose of independence had taken shape. France sent her aid; Spain and Holland declared war on England and fully occupied her greatest fighting strength in holding her own in Europe. Great Britain therefore did not throw her whole weight against the Thirteen Colonies. She was too busy nearer home for one thing, and for another, many leading Englishmen, including Pitt, had long contended that the British rule of the colonies was oppressive and indefensible. But while it is well for citizens of the United States to remember these facts, it is well for Englishmen to remember the repulses of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, and how inferior forces of poorly armed and disorganized colonists repeatedly defeated British regulars. In the end the Thirteen Colonies won and were admitted into full nationhood.

It has been said that God fights upon the side that has the finest battalions. This is not true. It was not true of the Revolution, and I intend presently to show that it was not true in 1812.

It is not necessary to go into full explanations of the causes that led to the war of 1812. Before war was declared President Jefferson had occupied himself for four years and President Madison for two, in special pleading to invent a sufficient cause of quarrel and to incite the people of the United States to the war mood. If it ever happens that the secret history of diplomacy between the United States and France during the years 1805 to 1812 inclusive, shall be written, it will almost undoubtedly be shown that Napoleon was the real cause of the trouble of 1812. In 1793 Great Britain declared war on France, and it might almost be said that from that time until Waterloo had been fought and won, England was contending with Napoleon in all parts of the world. In that time Napoleon rose from obscurity to a place of empire, had subdued most of Europe and placed his puppets on half a dozen thrones. In 1805, the year when President Jefferson first saw fit to send Congress a message expressing a serious sense of grievance against Great Britain, Napoleon was anointed emperor of the French by the Pope, and at that very time had the finest army the world had ever seen ready for the invasion of England. More than that, he had declared that he would recover the French colonies in Canada that had been conquered by the British. There is everything to suggest that his disturbing hand pushed along the Washington authorities in seeking trouble with Great Britain. Fortunately, however, Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar in 1805 and made Napoleon comparatively harmless upon the seas. He could neither land in England nor venture to send a force to Canada.

President Jefferson sent various messages to Congress in 1805-6-7, all expressing grievances and covertly implying the necessity of war. An embargo was put upon American shipping that brought about the loss of millions of dollars to citizens of the United States, but in its effects this measure aided France, injured England and caused American shipping to collect in home ports in readiness for the war that, at this distance, Jefferson and his intimates seem all along to have determined upon. The right to search neutral vessels for deserters from the British navy was exercised by England, the war measures affecting commerce adopted by Great Britain in retaliation upon the decrees issued for the same purpose by Napoleon—these were the grievances that caused Jefferson to prepare for war and Madison to precipitate it. But neither of these presidents resented Napoleon's decrees which just as arbitrarily violated the rights of neutral powers.

For seven years before war was actually declared, the United States was in active preparation for it. Arms and equipments were being distributed and men drilled. Two Presidents persevered in the writing of messages, and orators indulged in harangues. Great Britain declined positively to understand that the possibility of war was real. The admiral who was responsible for the forcible searching of the American frigate Chesapeake, was deposed from his position and an apology sent to Congress. When Yankee soldiers in Fort Niagara fired upon Canadians upon the river, right under the guns of Fort George, in 1807, that British fort had to swallow the affront and suffer the crime to pass notice, owing to strict orders to preserve peace under all provocation. This overt act was ignored by Great Britain, which civilly reported the affair at Washington and was uncivilly referred to the civil courts. It was impossible to maintain army discipline on the borders owing to the bribery and incitement to mutiny carried on by American secret service agents; indeed, when Brock went to Queenston to engage the Americans after war began, he found all the

British regulars in irons for mutiny. The moral that Great Britain may find in reading the history of these events is that it does not always take two to make a quarrel, although two are necessary to a fight. England did everything that could be done, without crippling its efforts against Napoleon, to avert the war of 1812.

But it came.

The citizens of the United States should remember that when Congress declared war in 1812, Napoleon was at the head of an army of nearly 400,000 men, with Great Britain his chief adversary, and that during the years 1812-13-14 the great campaigns were fought that ended in Napoleon's first abdication and brief exile in 1814.

Congress declared war on June 18, 1812, and Great Britain reluctantly followed suit four months later, Oct. 13. This is where I intend to prove that the Almighty does not fight upon the side which has the finest battalions. The student who reads history carefully must feel something like awe in the presence of the facts of the American Revolution and the war of 1812. In the first the Americans won with very inferior forces; in the second, they lost every vital engagement except the battle of New Orleans, which was fought after a treaty of peace had been signed.

In 1812 the population of the United States was 8,000,000. The population of all Canada was 300,000, and of these only 4,500 were British regulars, scattered from the Detroit river to Halifax in small handfuls. The population of Upper Canada was only 77,000. The regulars were so few, and distributed over so vast and untraversable a territory that the war was really between Canada and the United States.

It is customary for the Yankees to speak of this war as having occurred upon the high seas and at New Orleans, where the sacking of the city of Washington by the British was avenged in a measure. Sometimes they will admit that their General Harrison drove "the British" out of Detroit and won the battle of Moraviantown. But the man who reads the history of the war as fought in Canada and along the boundary lines, finds only humiliation for the United States in it all.

Canada was invaded at three points: at Windsor, Queenston and at a point dangerous to Montreal. In almost every battle that was fought the Canadians were outnumbered, usually four to one, and yet won the greater part of the victories, and all the vital ones. A war designed to add Canada to the Union, saw, at the end of the first year, Michigan added to Canada. The next year saw Michigan recovered by the Union, while Maine fell to Canada, and with Fort Mackinaw remained in possession of Canada until peace restored the old boundary lines.

The reader is interested as he grasps the situation during that war—eight million people trying in vain to overcome three hundred thousand. Queenston Heights, Chateaugay (where 400 French-Canadians repulsed 3,000 invaders and saved Montreal), Lundy's Lane, Chrysler's Farm, and a dozen other engagements were fought and won by Canada, and the significant truth is made plain that God does not fight on the side of the finest battalions. The Thirteen States triumphed in their war because their cause was just; the same people suffered defeat from inferior forces in 1812 because they had become aggressors and oppressors. But, beaten and humiliated by Canadians, when the first abdication of Napoleon caused a brief peace that enabled Great Britain for the first time to turn her strength against the United States by sending out 16,000 veterans of the Napoleonic wars, the tide of affairs changed, for the balance of justice had altered, and the nation that could not withstand the Canadian settlers withstood the British troops at New Orleans. There is a power higher than the strength of armed battalions, directing the rise and fall of nations. Even Robert Ingersoll must admit this, though he would call this power by another name than Providence.

The same desperate courage and heroism that fired the settlers who fought with Washington against the veterans under Burgoyne and Cornwallis, also fired the settlers, traders and shop-keepers of Canada when they defended their homes under the military guidance of Brock, Sheaffe, Vincent and De Salaberry. Once more it was demonstrated that some power not to be set down upon the army roster aids Justice against Greed and arms Freedom against Aggression. The same energy that made our disorganized and half-armed settlers victorious against the Americans in the first three years of the war made the Americans victorious when, later, Great Britain threatened the existence of the Union at New Orleans.

The United States should bear in mind, then, that its own experience plainly proves that the outcome of war does not always depend upon guns and a multiplicity of men. Call it Destiny or what you will, there is a force that guards the just and makes the weak strong. It is even more marked with nations than with individuals, and nowhere in history is it more clearly exemplified than in the case of the United States at the time of the Revolution, and in the case of Canada in 1812.

The just cause won in each case; the aggressors failed, and the oppressed came out victorious and banded together as never before. Any idea of emancipating Canada from "the British yoke" should be abandoned. We are not looking for emancipation, and if invaded will fight for our homes and institutions as desperately as ever men fought. To assail us now would make a breach on this continent that all time would not heal. If ever Canada is to stand free in name as she is in fact, it must be by her own act, the outcome of her own necessities, and not through the aggressive brute force of the neighboring republic. Assaults upon her in the formative period can but repel her in sentiment and organization from the United States. Cleveland's war talk has done more for the cause of Imperial Federation than ten years of domestic agitation along this line, and the firing of a single gun would sign a pact between the Dominion and the Empire that may otherwise never receive the signature of Miss Canada.

In 1812 our population faced that of the United States, 1 against 27; to-day we face

TIME CHANGES MAKES

I've grown so very weary of
My light and airy clothes,
They did not half protect me from
The cold and winter's snows;
The northwest wind that used to wrap
My form in its embrace
I have discarded, in its stead
I wear the golfer's face.
I used to wear my beard unkempt,
Bedraggled, hanging down,
'Twas hoary white—'tis Vandyke now
And dyed a lovely brown.
My dull, old scythe I've laid away
And in its place I swing
A golfing stick—I'm up to date
In every blessed thing.

My bald old pate you'll see no more,
I wear a fetching cap,
A monocle adorns my eye—
Oh, I'm a gay old chap!
My hour-glass is all I've kept
Of my old-fashioned frills—
I keep it just to time me when
I go the pace that kills.
Now that I'm all dyked out so fine—
Aw—demme, don't cherknow!
I'm sorry that through ages past
I've been so very slow.
I might have posed through eons as
A dandy most sublime,
For it is such an easy thing
To get good clothes on Time.

GEO. V. HOBART.

them, 1 against 13, more friendly in peace, more resolute in war than we were then. Since 1812 our population has been multiplied by seventeen; the population of the United States has been multiplied by eight.

The lesson for Great Britain in it all is, that if Cleveland and his friends secretly want war, war will come with or without cause, and the possibility of it should not be ignored. The lesson for the United States is that no man can fight like the man who stands guard by his own door-post to defend his household gods. The lesson for Canada is that without provocation on our part we may at any time be plunged in war; that our grandfathers, one against twenty-seven, held their own in a just cause. Our cause should be as just, our valor as great. The lesson for all is that the Anglo-Saxon breed of men are not the kind who can be conquered and assimilated by force. There is no instance of it in history. There will be none.

MACK.

The Accumulation of Wealth.

From a Speech by Hon. Thomas B. Reed of Maine.

NOTICED some time ago that the inventory of the estate of a Maine pioneer, two hundred years ago, summed up his whole wardrobe, Sunday clothes and all, at about seven dollars and a half, and the newspapers are just now telling you of a beautiful English lady with a single cloak which cost four thousand dollars. The difference seems to be large, but it was wealth in both cases. But, however hard the early struggle was, however prolonged and desperate, the moment man began to have wealth he began to march upward. Most of the things which we can be sure have shown themselves in our modern civilization, came surprisingly late. We people who are of English descent think that our civilization is the civilization of the home, and most unjustly think no other people had homes, because they did not have the word. Surely if anything made the home and the home life, it was the chimney-corner, and yet the chimney had to wait until the reign of Queen Elizabeth to become general throughout the English realm. Until her reign it only adorned the houses of the great, and was no chimney-corner at all, for it was the mere centering-place of the whole route of retainers and serving-men, and as unlike a home as the street itself. In that reign, too, came in carpets—heretofore despised as only fit for sick women—and carpets took the place of rushes, while dirt and dogs measurably disappeared into kennels. One of the greatest civilizers of the world is something we hardly think of, either as a civilizer or as wealth—the common country road. Few people ever think how much roads cost us. They represent the surplus labor of centuries. They make possible the transfer of the abundance of one region to supplement the want of another. And yet the modern road, crossing the country in all directions, traversable by carriages and carts as well as beasts, does not go back to the times of good Queen Bess. Indeed, in her reign, thousands might starve, and did starve in one county, while abundance filled the granaries of the others. Think of men, women and children starving from mere lack of that form of wealth which we call roads in the days when Drake and the great captains were scouring the seas in search of the Spanish galleons and Spanish gold, and when the military might of England hurled back the Spanish Armada and all the power of the then greatest nation on the face of the globe. In the very heart of London, in the street named King street, after the King himself, the only way one of the Edwards could get to his Parliament was to fill with great bundles of fagots the holes in the street. All our great comforts of to-day flow from accumulated wealth. What gives us the solid pavement on which we drive? We can march from one end of Philadelphia to the other at mid-night in security and safety, in a blaze of light, under protection of the law. A hundred years ago in London, when that city was not so big as Philadelphia now is, it would have been as hazardous an experiment as it is for our Minister to stay at Pekin to-

day, and for similar reasons. There were no lights; no policemen; no sidewalks; robbers everywhere. As London has grown in wealth, outdoor London, London of the streets and alleys—London as it belongs to all—has felt the civilizing power of the accumulation of the past and the production of the present. And not London only, but every city, great or small, all over the civilized world, has felt the stirring and stimulating power of the increasing riches of the world. Our whole newspaper system, down to the very paper that sheets are printed upon, would be possible only in a wealthy community.

How essential increasing wealth is to increasing progress this generation and the one which has just passed away have had better chances to know than any which preceded them—for our century is the century of steam and electricity. Wealth makes possible steam cars and electrical railroads and telephones. Nothing else can do it. If, in the old days of Queen Elizabeth, all had been known about steam and engines and cars which is known to-day, it would have been an utterly useless knowledge. There was not wealth enough in those days to make a railroad possible. Everybody was too poor to travel, except the nobility and gentry, and they were too few to pay the enormous cost of railroads. Let me give you a few figures to show what I mean. The Union Pacific Railroad Company, which is not very prosperous in this present year of our Lord, in the month of October last past, only one-twelfth of a year, took in two million five hundred thousand dollars. Two millions and a half were the entire revenue for a whole year to Queen Elizabeth! The people in that sparsely settled region beyond the Mississippi and this side of the mountains were able to pay for one month's railroad service the sum which governed the British Empire a whole year three hundred years ago. When I say to you that the gross receipts of the railroads of the United States, even in this year of depression, would have supported three hundred kingdoms of Henry the Eighth, I have no doubt I am ridiculously understating the facts. Why, your own Pennsylvania Railroad, on lines east of Pittsburgh, in six months lost by the business depression twice two millions and a half, and were able to stand it, too. Which means that in six months the Pennsylvania Railroad, by mere depression of business, on half its lines lost twice what it cost to run the British Empire in the great days of Queen Elizabeth.

Think what a blow it would be to the civilization of this country to wipe out the wealth which is in railroads alone. Reverse the thought and think how much the wealth accumulated in railroads has added to the happiness and progress of our people. If there were here in this audience, as there may be, some man who crossed the plains with three months of toil and terror fifty years ago, he could make the contrast in language which would make mine seem trivial indeed. We have substituted for what equaled the horrors of a polar expedition a three days' pleasure trip. Yet railroads are but a small part of the accumulation of wealth of which I speak. Neither railroads nor street cars, electric lights nor well paved streets, would be possible without a wealthy community. Nor does the catalogue end there. If I knew enough, and you had time enough, the morning sun might shine in on us before we finished. I have told you how thousands starved in Elizabeth's time, with abundance close at hand. Mark the contrast to-day. We know no seasons or differences of longitude. The tropics are brought to the poles. Every vegetable, every fruit, comes from everywhere to everywhere. Maine goes to Chicago, a thousand miles, for her daily food. London is gradually coming four thousand miles on the same errand. Nothing makes this possible but accumulated wealth. Costly railroads, at fifty thousand dollars a mile; costly trains to run on the road; great steamships to plow the ocean, and large capital, are all absolutely essential.

Self-Evident.

Scott—Bob is going to have a tin wedding to-night. The twenty-fifth anniversary is the silver wedding. Which is the tin wedding? O'Rourke—The tinth, av course.

Verbum Sapientibus.
Harper's Monthly.

The passion for philology and derivation-searching may occasionally make a man as hopelessly one-sided as the bicycle fever. There was an old professor up in Middletown, Connecticut, not long ago, whose love for philology was such that the broader principles of language were generally disregarded in a minute search for the orthographic particles binding an ordinary English word to its Aryan or Assyrian prototype. While all this was a source of exquisite pleasure to the good old Dr. Dryasdust, it was a germ of specific discontent to his classes. The men under him grew tired of the minute linguistic meanderings in which the good doctor indulged. Finally one of the bolder of the malcontents resolved to give the doctor a hint. With mock modesty he arose, and quietly said:

"Doctor, I have been thinking a good deal lately upon the derivation of 'Middletown.' What is your own idea of it?"

"Ahem!" said the doctor. "Really, sir, I am afraid that is a subject which will require much concentrated reflection. Now might I ask, sir, whether you have discovered any light on the subject?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the young man, with a demure smile. "It is my firm belief that Middletown is derived from Moses, sir."

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the doctor, with a hasty glance over his spectacles to assure himself that the young man was in earnest. "And pray, sir, how do you derive Middletown from Moses?"

"Easily enough, doctor," replied the student. "By dropping 'oses' and adding 'iddletown.'"

The World is Safe.

Boston Globe.

In the free and easy intercourse of ocean travel on the smaller steamers, it happened on a recent voyage that one of the society leaders of a large Eastern city permitted herself to unbend generously to a bright young Western woman, a writer of well known ability, but limited as to fashionable knowledge of some things.

One night these two, with their prospective parties, were having a merry lunch in the saloon. Spying a familiar-looking dish on the table, our little Western woman exclaimed with animation:

"Raspberry jam! How nice! Please pass it to me!"

An awkward silence fell on the party as the elegant representative of her city's social organism remarked with withering emphasis:

"That 'jam' is caviare, Mrs. B. Will you have some?"

"Caviare?" said the other, with an undisturbed air. "Is that caviare? I never saw any before, which proves that I belong to the 'general,' doesn't it?"

The contemptuous look of the society woman gave place to a puzzled expression as she said:

"General! General who? What do you mean by the 'general,' pray tell?"

"Why, I mean that the world is safe, after all, and pretty evenly divided. Some know their 'Hamlet,' some their 'caviare,' good-naturedly laughed the little writer.

A sigh of relief breathed gently from the group, and the society woman smiled politely, with an air that seemed to insinuate that in spite of all efforts to uplift it the wild West was hopelessly sunk in barbarism.

He Passed It On.

Critic.

Hans Christian Andersen received one Christmas a box of cakes from an unknown admirer and was all gratification at the compliment. Suddenly a strange apprehension assailed him. He had just read some account of the gift was the murderous device of a rival. With more aptitude than grace, he decided, in a half-absent fashion, to send them on to his friend, Mrs. A., to test their quality. A day or two later he called. "Is Mrs. A. in?" "Yes, sir." "Is she quite well?" "Quite, sir." "Could I see her?" "Certainly, sir." Face to face with Mrs. A., he recurred to the same anxiety. "She was well? Yes. The children well? Yes. And had she received the cakes he sent? Eaten some? And was quite well? And the children had eaten some? And were quite well?" And then at last the old man's excitement boiled over. "You can't think how pleased I am," he said; "those cakes were sent me by an unknown admirer, and I was afraid they might be poisoned. So I sent them on to you. And you have eaten them, and are quite well. You can't think how pleased I am!" And he passed out smiling and in high good humor.

Right Reverend Host—I'm afraid you've got a bad egg, Mr. Jones! The curate—Oh, no, my lord, I assure you! Parts of it are excellent!—Punch.

Teacher—Have you learned the Golden Rule, Tommy? Tommy—Yes'm. It is to do to other people like they would do to you.—Indianapolis Journal.

Tourist—What's the mean temperature around here? Boomer—Stranger, that ain't any mean temperature hyarabouts. It's allus delightful.—Truth.

"How much does your Christmas turkey weigh?" "Only two pounds, old man, but it's a fine bird." "How are you going to have it?" "On toast!"—Life.

"What is Jarley's paper to be—a weekly or a monthly?" "I don't really know. Judging from the quality of the first number, it ought to be a centennial."—Bazar.

"London ought to take a long breath," says the *Figaro*. "Lady Henry Somerset, accompanied by that other 'wild woman,' Miss Frances Willard, left Brindisi on November 22 for Bombay in the Caledonia."

"Your wife is very successful on the lecture platform, Binks." "Yes!" "She is, indeed. She speaks right to the point, and never seems a bit afraid." "Glad you think so. I'm responsible for all that." "You? How?" "I sit in the audience, and she fixes her eye on me and free ahead. She says she feels just as she does when she's got me in a corner with something I ought to hear."—Bazar.

"For the life of me, colonel, I don't see why you persist in maintaining that whisky is of any value in the cure of snake-bites. Why, all the modern scientists—" "Young man," answered Colonel Blugrass, turning purple. "It stands to reason, sah, that good whisky, being beneficial in every other complaint, must be of benefit in snake-bites. When there is a uniform law in nature, sah, it does not vary for a mere snake, sah."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

STRAMSHIP SAILINGS.

BERMUDA 48 hours from New York.
S. S. Trinidad Jan. 8, 18, 29, Feb. 8, 19, 29.

TOURS TO THE TROPICS Jan. 23
Feb. 5, 15, 26.
Visiting Bermuda, West Indies, Barbados, Trinidad, Jamaica. Fare, \$150 upwards 30-day cruises. Ask for descriptive book. Secure berths early.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
79 Yonge Street, Toronto.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD S.S. CO.
New York, Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.
Hess, 14 Jan., 10 a.m. Spree, 11 Feb., 10 a.m.
Alster, 21 Jan., 10 a.m. Alster, 18 Feb., 10 a.m.
Lahn, 4 Feb., 10 a.m. Havel, 25 Feb., 10 a.m.

New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.
Werra, Jan. 15, 10 a.m. Fulda, Feb. 12, 10 a.m.
K. Wm. Jan. 22, 10 a.m. Werra, Feb. 29, 10 a.m.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND AGENCY
79 Yonge Street, Toronto.

AMERICAN LINE
NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON (London-Paris)
St. Paul, Jan. 8, 11 a.m. Paris, Feb. 5, 11 a.m.
Paris, Jan. 15, 11 a.m. New York, Feb. 12, 11 a.m.
New York, Jan. 22, 11 a.m. St. Paul, Feb. 19, 11 a.m.
St. Paul, Jan. 29, 11 a.m.

RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK-ANTWERP.
Berlin, Jan. 8, noon Friesland, Feb. 5, noon
Westerland, Jan. 15, noon Westerland, Feb. 19, noon
Königsberg, Jan. 22, noon Southwark, Feb. 26, noon
Nordland, Jan. 29, noon

International Navigation Company
Pier 14, North River. Office, 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
79 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Hello
The Xmas Boxes

WE KEEP ONLY JEWELRY THAT WEARS

SPANNER
344 YONGE

DANCING and DEPORTMENT
FREE OF CHARGE

My book "The Modern Dance Tutor." Price 50c. will be given, free of charge, to every pupil of the first classes of 1896. Classes begin first week in January. Academy eighteen years at the corner of Wilton Ave. and Mutual St.

No Branch PROF. DAVIS.

Short Stories Retold.

Baron Alderson once released from his duties a juror who stated that he was deaf with one ear. "You may leave the box," said his lordship, "since it is necessary you should hear both sides."

The late Professor Blackie was once standing in front of the fire at the lodge of Balliol, and shouting out, with a roll of the famous plaid and a toss of the equally famous wild white hair: "I should like to know what you Oxford fellows say of me behind my back!" After a moment's pause, Jowett, the master of Balliol, replied mildly, "We don't mention you at all."

Sir Robert Peel, brother to the late Speaker, was noted for his "sharp tongue." On one occasion an Irish member, heated in debate, shouted out that "if he could pass the charter, he wouldn't care if Satan were king!" Sir Robert bowed courteously and mildly expressed his belief "that when the honorable member should be under the sovereignty of his choice, he would enjoy the full confidence of the crown."

Princess Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, and wife of Prince Napoleon, was good, pious, but proud as Lucifer, and the Empress Eugenie, who was not accustomed to dealing with a race of kings, always felt constrained in her presence. At one of the splendid fetes given to celebrate Clotilde's arrival in Paris, the Empress remarked, with the air of one accustomed to that sort of thing, "I am awfully bored, aren't you?" "Yes," was the quiet reply, "but then I am used to it." Eugenie never forgave this thrust and hated the Princess.

Sir Andrew Clark, the great London physician, was fond of enunciating professional aphorisms, couched in antithetical terms. One of his maxims was: "Remember, Nature never forgets and never forgives." A vivacious young lady, about to consult a second time the great Cavendish Square oracle, remembered this formula. Sir Andrew had got so far as the "forgets" when the sharp girl interrupted: "But she does sometimes forgive, for I have taken all that bottle of medicine about which you had doubts without any ill effects whatever." "Clothe lightly, towel briskly, live frugally," was Sir Andrew's favorite prescription.

Dr. Richard Busby, the second centenary of whose death was celebrated recently at Westminster School, where he was head-master for fifty-seven years, was a disciplinarian of the old school. When Charles the Second visited the school, Dr. Busby asked the king to take off his hat while he kept on his own, on the ground that discipline could not be maintained if the boys should believe that there was a greater man in England than their head-master. A Frenchman, once wandering into the school playground, was set upon by the boys. Dr. Busby saw the row, and ordered those engaged to be flogged; the Frenchman was taken with the boys and flogged, too. He then went in his wrath to the doctor to demand an explanation, but as he could not speak English well, after a few words the doctor got angry, and ordered him to be horsed, which was done. The Frenchman, mad with rage, went to his inn, wrote a challenge, and sent it to Busby by the porter. The doctor read the challenge, and at once had the porter horsed. That was too much for the Frenchman. He packed his valise and fled in terror to France.

Murat Halstead is said to have had a keen vein of satire in his composition. A firm of lawyers, Goldsmith Colston Hadley & Johnson, was one

of Halstead's pet subjects for sarcasm. He caught up a phrase attributed to Mr. Johnson, and after calling him a "shining ornament of the Cincinnati bar," for some time, he finally went further and dubbed Johnson "the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar." This phrase particularly pleased him, and he constantly used it in every possible way. But it is a long lane that has no turning; and one evening, at an entertainment, Mr. Halstead noticed a very handsome woman with diamonds on her hair and neck that in themselves would have arrested attention. He asked to be presented, and was, to Mrs. Johnson. It never occurred to him who the lady might be, and he said: "Johnson! Johnson! I never have had the pleasure of meeting you before. Mrs. Johnson, do you live in Ohio?" "Oh, yes," said the lady; "I live in Cincinnati." "Indeed!" said Halstead. "May I enquire of what family of Johnsons you are?" "Mr. Halstead," she retorted, smiling merrily, "for fifteen years I have been trying to polish up the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar."

Between You and Me.

WE were discussing our ideas of heaven one day lately and it was curious to hear what vague and contradictory notions exchanged themselves between us. There was a young thing with her life before her, and that vague yearning of the developing soul making her restless and ill at ease. "My heaven must be vast, grand; music must roll through infinite space, angels sweep by, with silver-white wings, and somewhere there must be a place so full of light and mystery combined that I cannot look at it, but from a far distance. And the voices must be heroic and the air trembling with the praise of great deeds and noble thoughts. It must be such a living place," said the girl, stretching up her arms as she sat in the big chair, and holding them wide a moment. "You're so overpowering," said the little woman, with the faintest scorn. "I fancy heaven a place where everything is gentle, refined, soothing and peaceful. There is no strife there. Think of that! No clashing of word or will. Peace—infinite; repose—everlasting." And grandma folded her hands and nodded as she looked up. "I'll be holy and happy there," she said, simply. "And do you believe we'll sing?" asked the child. "Because I do hate singing!" Then the boy chimed in. "There are so many people I like that the Bible says won't go to heaven, and there are so many horrid folks, so cocksure of getting there; on the whole I don't think much about it. Earth," said the boy, kicking out one leg, "is good enough for me." And the boy was nearer right than any of them, if one discusses the conventional heaven. The wise woman thought so, for she nodded at him and handed him a slip of paper on which she had written seven words. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." And the boy read the paper and threw it into the coal fire, and lay a long time on the rug watching its ashes.

Do you know the woman who says mean things? I am sorry when I meet her, but I do meet her sometimes. And out comes the alighting speech, the hint, the small venomous dart of words, like an adder's forked tongue, or the cold breath of scandal, like the touch of a dead fish on one's bare foot. Ugh! After a while there comes a curious blindness over the woman who says mean things. She does not see the cool withdrawal of people whose feelings she has wounded, nor the tightening of the lips of the woman she has slandered, nor the avoidance of her, sweetly though she smiles, by the men who know of her ways of speech, nor the sneer of contempt and the snort of disgust of the brothers, the husbands, the lovers whose women may be her victims. She tries her best to be agreeable to those men, but she knows they wear a coat of mail, and she wonders why they are so stiff and reserved. She is apt to say they are awkward and stupid. The other evening we were standing, a merry group, at the door of a ball-room, when there passed a pretty little dame exquisitely gowned and carrying her little chin well up, conscious of her charms and enjoying the admiration of all and sundry. Someone forgot that there were women who say mean things, and expressed pleasure at the beauty of the little lady. Before the words were well uttered, the woman who says mean things darted out her venom. That what she said was false and petty, beside being vicious, was known to most of her hearers, but somehow a dimness came over the radiance about the little lady, and when she came past again she had lost some of her charm. The mean speech of the mean woman had done its work. The minds of her hearers had received it, and it cost them a visible effort to rally and reject its poison.

Now that, as Jessie Alexander's greedy little boy says, "There ain't going to be any core" to the apple of discord down South, it amuses me to look back and remember the different attitudes of the people I know, in regard to a possible fracas with our brothers across the lines. Did anybody snort? Well, they are our brothers, literally by ties of kindred sometimes, but more really by the spirit within us, which teaches us that lesson so sweet in the learning, that we are kin to each other and all of creation. "Irish? Well, don't fret. We can't all be Chinese!" was an unexpected thought a friend fired at me one day lately. But did you hear the man who burned for a fight? Did you happen to meet the woman who brandished her umbrella at you and longed for the Yankees to come over, that we might thrash them and teach them? (Pity the teaching came second). Poor fools! Do they dream what such a war would mean?—they who crow and strut, and are willing to die, and bring worse than death to their women. They who rant and shake umbrellas on King Street, and revile the Yankees—do they know what such a war would mean? How the whole generation would step back and down, and how many centuries they would take to climb up again. I remember clearly—because it was an awful year, and sometimes a child's mind is very retentive—the last year of the Civil War, in the sixties. I was of a family circle whose men were away. There were women, who never

sleep without fears, and who wept in secret and were brave before people, and no one knew what day we should have to steal down to the great shops and buy black cashmere and crape. So many were in crape; the church pews were dotted with widows and orphans, and the people prayed with tears and sang through sobs. The preacher, whose son was away with his regiment, preached to us of strength and patience and hope. He said little of love to those hearts bursting and aching with fear and suspense and sorrow, for he had to go warily; heads dropped and eyes overflowed on very small provocation. One's emotions are apt to be troublesome at wartime. And when I heard people talking and bragging and prophesying—and mind you, they were ready to make good every word—a fury of rage at them came over me, and I groaned. "If they only felt the red hand crushing their hearts; only looked once in the wan eyes of the war-torn!" Thirty years ago people didn't want war any more, as they paused, sad and sick at soul, after the family fight! But they have forgotten, or their children have, and life was hard living while they talked a fortnight past to

LADY GAY.

Some Grand Toilettes.

HERE are a few plain hints for our women, in anticipation of several impending festivities. The gowns for the girls who dine and dance, from the latest debutante up to those of the young matrons, are this year more often of white satin than of any other fabric, and are varied in many ways. But they all have one thing in common—the full flaring skirt, which barely touches the floor, if it does not escape it. Demi-trains are rare, and full trains are worn only by brides, not even by dowagers who keep up with the times. The skirt for this dancing-gown is that one which has proved itself most popular for gowns of many kinds, the nine-gored skirt with the front breadth folded deeply at the top in a wide box-pleat, and allowed to flare below. The other breadths are narrower, and are shaped at the top with reference to the individual wearer, some being plainly fitted by darts on the sides and pleated across the back, others of very thin fabrics being each gathered and shirred in little clusters, while still others have small pleats on the sides. All are lined throughout, and are interlined around the foot from ten to eighteen inches deep with any favorite stiff material, but none are stiffened up to the belt in the back. The rubber strap inside just below the hips is no longer so much used. Instead short straps in a line are put eight or ten inches above the foot to hold the sides and back in what appear to be natural folds. For some reason the balayuse ruffle has almost entirely disappeared, and the foot of the skirt is finished as plainly as possible, with merely a seam joining the outer and inner sides together, or else it is narrowly faced with velvet or with wool skirt braid, applied in the old-fashioned way, flat—not as a binding.

For the waists of these white satin gowns are the new sleeves of colored tulle, pale pink or blue, in many tucks around, mounted on a stiff puff of satin of the same color. Still newer tulle sleeves are quite transparent, showing glimpses of pretty arms inside, and are made of three or four broad tucks that are gathered to have the effect of ruffles, and are then caught in at the elbow by a bracelet band of white satin. Such sleeves droop very decidedly from the shoulders, and have the appearance of being quite small. Puffed sleeves of mirror velvet in colors—pale turquoise, Nile green, yellow, pink or bright cerise—are on other white satin gowns, and the velvet appears also in an inch-wide bias fold straight across the square low neck in front and back, and as shoulder-straps with the pointed ends held down by a rhinestone button, or else one shoulder is covered by large crushed roses or poppies or other huge blossoms all in a row and without foliage. The belt is also of velvet, and is a matter of taste or becomingness in regard to width. A very narrow bias fold only an inch wide of velvet, with a huge bow at the back, is used if the gown is new, but for a partly worn waist being refurbished there may be instead a wide belt like a corselet almost up to the bust, drawn evenly around the waist but in many folds.

Among many evening gowns some of the most youthful are of white satin, with clusters of pink rose-buds around the low neck. White Brussels net, more substantial than tulle, or else wide applique lace with a scalloped edge, is used for the upper part of the corsage, being gathered very full along the straight edge around the bust on the fitted lining, the scalloped edge resting on a puff and ruffles of Brussels net which complete the trimming about the low rounded neck, cut to fall just below the shoulders; clusters of three or four pink moss-rose buds are set at intervals of two inches all around the neck. The round waist is completed by a broad belt of satin folds fastened in three slashed points on the left side, each point held by a cluster of buds in a rosette of white Brussels net doubled and gathered around and around in the simple way now in vogue. The elbow sleeves are large stiffened puffs of white satin, sometimes wired, and are banded at the elbow with two ear-shaped points of satin falling below. The satin skirt is of the shape already described.

Brussels net of the finest meshes is again in favor for evening dresses in white or black, and threatens to rival those of the long popular chiffon or mousseline de soie. It is far more durable than either of these fabrics, is equally becoming, and is worn for more varied occasions, for simple parties as well as for the most elaborate functions. It is made up very full over inexpensive satin of the same tint, and is simply trimmed with satin ribbon of a gray color, or else the lining may be of a contrasting color, and the garment of jetted butterflies with diamondlike eyes that are merely rhinestones, and soft lines of chenille. One charming black net gown has the low square neck made very full in pleats into a belt of Nile-green satin ribbon on a fitted lining of black satin which hooks in the back. The neck is outlined with Nile-green satin ribbon about four inches wide, drawn in straight folds

across the front and back, and tied in such pretty bows where it meets the sleeves, and again at the top of the shoulder-straps. The elbow sleeves are of the new tucked ruffles that extend around the arms above a puffed-out balloon of satin. Corset ribbons, and those of amethyst, rose pink, or turquoise blue, are equally as effective as green ribbons. The skirt has the net gathered at the top on a satin skirt, which escapes the floor, and is closely gored. White Brussels-net gowns are more elaborate than those just described, in that the skirts are much more trimmed, sometimes having five or seven puffs of the net around them, beginning at the hips.

When gowns of silk are preferred to satin for dancing and dinners, they are of the French faille in woven brocades or blurred chine flowers, the colors softened by being imprinted on the warp. The designs of these are not the tiny blossoms of last year, but are in large bouquets of most natural tints on either white or colored grounds. One for a brunette has a ground of the palest Nile-green faille, nearly covered with huge clusters of roses in extremely vivid shades, according to the fashion of the moment. The skirt is entirely without trimming, its width of seven yards making it becoming to the end-of-the-century tall girl. The round waist of this unique gown is cut square and low in the neck, and is of white chiffon in four meeting pleats at the belt, back and front, on a fitted lining of green silk. To add still more color is a belt of yellow mirror velvet that has a huge bow of upright loops and ends in the back. Perhaps the beauty of the waist will with many depend on the collar of white satin, which follows the outlines of the neck and extends out on the sleeves, and is marvelously embroidered with amber beads and the smallest silver spangles, then completed by the tiniest white frills made of gros grain baby-ribbon. The elbow sleeves are large puffs of the rich silk of the gown made in the plainest manner.

LA MODE.

Windsor Salt, Purest and Best.

Fannicus—Er—why—I can't really say that I write my jokes. They come to me, as it were. Sinicus—From whom do they come?—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mrs. Bingo—I wish you would tell that servant girl that we don't require her any more. Bingo—Certainly, my dear. (Later, to servant.) Bridget, Mrs. Bingo wants to see you.—*Life*.

On Thursday evening the president and directors of the Mason & Rich Piano Co. entertained their staff to dinner at the Board of Trade Restaurant. A very pleasant evening was spent, during which speeches were made by the various heads of departments and invited guests who were not members of the staff.

A fact which must have been very gratifying to all present was mentioned during the evening, viz., that despite the extraordinary depression which existed in all branches of industry the Mason & Rich piano factory had been able to run on full time during the whole year, with the exception of the usual two weeks' stock taking period.

The toast of the President and Directors was replied to by Mr. T. G. Mason and Mr. Rich, then of the general management by Mr. H. H. Godfrey and Mr. Henry Mason, whilst Mr. Gustave George, Mr. O'Toole and Mr. Wright replied to the toast of the factory management. Feeling reference was made by nearly all the speakers to the providential escape of Mr. Thomas Mason from death in the trolley accident last summer, and great gratification was expressed at seeing him once more able to resume his duties.

The good feeling existing between the numerous employees and the management was referred to by all speakers, and the meeting broke up at a late hour after one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent at a meeting of this character.

Jinks—I am always embarrassed when I want to say the word v-a-s-e. I don't know whether to say vase, vac, vabz, or vawse. Blinks—You might take a hint from our hired girl. She simply speaks of all ornaments as "them there."—*Truth*.

Short Journeys on a Long Road
Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Hensford, general agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Wagsome—I see that a set of advanced women are compiling what they propose to call a woman's Bible.

Wagsome—Yes. And I suppose they will supplement it with a her book in place of a hymn book.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Wabash Montezuma Special.

Every morning at 11:03 this superlative equipped train leaves Dearborn station, Chicago, and starts on her flight towards the land of the setting sun, arriving at St. Louis same evening, giving passengers one hour to view the new depot, the largest and finest passenger station in the world. The train then heads due south, arriving at Hot Springs, Ark., next morning, Texasarkans noon, San Antonio following morning, and Laredo same evening, where direct connection is made with through train, for the City of Mexico. Timetables and pamphlets of Mexico and this great railway, from any R. R. agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

A TONIC A FOOD

And a mild stimulant

THAT'S WHAT

WARRE'S
CONVIDO
PORT WINE

An absolutely pure, hygienic and nutritious extract of PORTUGAL'S

choicest grape fruit uncontaminated with dead diseased grapes.

NO ADJUNCT WHATSOEVER

Now on sale by all Wine Merchants.



Unsanitary Wall Coatings Condemned by the Bible.

"And behold if this plague be in the walls of the house with hollow streaks, greenish or redish, then the priest shall go out of the house to the door of the house, and shall shut the house seven days. . . . And he shall cause the house to be scraped within round about, and they shall pour out th; dust that they scrape off without the city into an unconsecrated place."

To each of the first three persons in every city and town in the Dominion of Canada who write The Alabastine Co., Limited, of Paris, Ont., giving the chapter containing the above passage of scripture, will be sent an order on the Alabastine dealer in the town for a package of Alabastine, enough to cover 50 square yards of wall, two coats, tinted or white. To all who apply, giving us the name of the paper in which they saw this notice, will be given an ingenious puzzle, the solving of which may earn you \$50.00.

To test a wall coating, take a small quantity of it, mix in equal quantity of boiling water, and if it does not set when left in the dish over night, and finally form a stone-like cement without shrinking, it is a kalsomine, and dependent upon glue to hold it to the wall, the feature so strongly objected to by sanitarians. This matter of looking to the sanitary nature of wall coatings seems to be considered of much importance of late. A supplement to the Michigan State Board of Health, condemns wall paper and kalsomines for walls, and recommends Alabastine as being sanitary, pure, porous, permanent, economical and beautiful. Alabastine is ready for use by mixing in cold water.

Wine Merchants Don't Keep
BROWN'S SPECIAL SCOTCH
"They Sell It"
H. CORRY, Belleville, Agent
Sold by Mickle & Co., J. C. Moor, Lookhart & Co., F. Giles, G. W. Cooley, T. H. George. Wholesale by Adams & Burns and Elchorn & Carpenter.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Etc.
TRY
WATSON'S COUGH DROPS
R. & T. W. Stamped on Each Drop
Wishing to Reduce my Stock
I will sell all PERFUMERY, ATOMIZERS, BRUSHES, COMBS, and all Toilet Articles at specially reduced rates for holiday trade.
S. HOWARTH - 243 Yonge Street.

"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX"
COMPOUND
"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX."
This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus, Uteri, Leucorrhoea, and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

Adams' Tutti Frutti
aids digestion.
Save coupons inside of wrappers.

PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY
A. H. HOWARD
53 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO

H. STONE & SON
UNDERTAKERS
429 Yonge St. | Telephone 931
Cor. Ann St.

WHSTONE
349 YONGE ST. EAST
ALWAYS OPEN
UNDERTAKER
OPPOSITE ELMS

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 679

Art Notes.

TO A DIVINELY GREEN COW.

Under a turgid sky (I autumn day,
Against a sunset reveling in tone,
Beside a scraggy stack of purple hay,
O most divine green cow! you stand alone,
And munch on grasses, red and blue and pink,
And every color save a simple green.
Tell me, sweet one, in calfhood did you think
That some day by a man you would be seen
Who had chromato-pseudo-blephitis, eh!
And that you'd be a picture by Monet?



NOT a few of the black-and-white draughtsmen whose work is well known to readers of the New York papers and magazines are Canadians, most of them former residents of Toronto, who owe their early education in art to our local institutions, the Ontario School and the Students' League. Mr. Charles Broughton, whose work takes rank with the best in *Harper's Weekly* and not infrequently appears also in the Magazine of the same house, graduated from the lithographic establishment of Rolph, Smith & Co. He went to New York nearly twenty years ago, and has for a long time occupied a studio on East 14th street close to Broadway. He is married to a Gotham lady and resides at Stapleton, Staten Island. Mr. Charles Jefferys is one of the cleverest artists on the staff of the New York Herald, and does his work in a department of the famous Herald building occupied by some fifteen brother-brushes. "Charley" used to be with the Toronto Lithographing Company, and those who knew him well here are not astonished at the mark he has made abroad. Some of the best things in the Herald Christmas Number (December 13), are from his pencil. Mr. D. F. Thompson is a more recent acquisition to the New York colony. He is from the same establishment and is sure to be heard from later on. Mr. Will Bengough is on the staff of the *Morning Journal*, which, under its new management, is acknowledged to be one of the ablest papers in the city. Mr. Bengough is a younger brother of the former cartoonist of *Grip*, and holds a high place among New York draughtsmen. He has a wide range of ability, doing excellent work in portraiture, illustration and caricature. He graduated from the Litho house of Gossnell, Craig & Co., Toronto, and was one of the most enthusiastic members of the League in this city. Mr. D. A. McKellar is rated amongst the choice contributors to *Life* and other high-class publications. He has a studio in Brooklyn. Mr. McKellar will be remembered as assistant editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, in the columns of which his earlier art efforts appeared. Mr. James Jephcott is a clever decorative artist whose work is in much demand amongst the New York publishers, and Mr. John Willing also enjoys a high reputation in the same line. Mr. A. H. Heming has, within the past month, taken up residence in New York, where he will study to improve his technique and will supply drawings to *Harper's*.

Miss Edith Hemming has in her studio, 16 St. Joseph street, a recently finished portrait which as a likeness is most successful. The transparency of the flesh tints and the sheen of the draperies are admirably rendered, the drawing of the hands being especially good, while the pose is most graceful. It is a less than life-size and three-quarters in length.

Among the portraits at the portrait show at the Academy of Design, New York, there are a number of great interest to students and lovers of literature, among them a portrait of Shelley at fourteen by Hoppner, John Keats and his two brothers by Severn, Richard Grant White by John Alden Weir, two of N. P. Willis by Francis Alexander and Charles Loring Elliott respectively, and, finally, one of Sheridan by Gaineborough.

In England—and, so far as we know, in America—there is no law to prevent the manufacture of objects of art. The *London Court Journal*, calling attention to this anomaly, says that "the law severely punishes the forger, yet the maker of a spurious vase, which he may, with luck, sell at a high figure, can only be dealt with as one procuring money under false pretences." The result is that amateurs, and sometimes even the very elect among experts, are deceived into buying a clever imitation at the price of a genuine article.

In the January number of *Massey's Magazine* there is a short and very interesting article by Mr. G. A. Reid, which tells how he came to paint his two most important pictures. No one has a better right to say that "the brush and pen should be equally free to express the joys and sorrows of life as they are felt by him who holds it," for the story in each of these pictures has gone to the heart of many a spectator. We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Reid are to leave soon for several months' stay abroad, which will be months of work, as well as recreation. Some time is to be spent in Spain and the remainder in Paris, or other art centers in Europe.

Miss M. Cary McConnell's latest portrait shows that she has the ability to amuse as well as skill to portray her sitter (and a very excellent portrait it is), showing conscientiousness.

MR DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.

Portrait Painter.
Messrs. James Bain & Son are authorized to act as agents for Mr. Patterson. Cards to visit studio, and information regarding portraits may be obtained at their gallery, 55 King Street East.

J. W. L. FORSTER

Pupil of Benezra, Lefevre and Carotus Doran
PORTRAITURE - 81 KING ST. EAST

CAROLINE ROSS, pupil of Jules Lefevre

Teacher from Life and Cast, also Gouache
Tapestry and China Painting and Art Supplies
Y. W. C. Club, McGill Street

MISS EDITH HEMMING... ARTIST

Portraits and Miniatures
Studio, 16 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Telephone 5746.

A Sure Thing.



"How do you know he's in love with her?"
"Well, when it takes a fellow thirteen minutes to button a girl's glove the natural inference is that he hopes to be more than a brother to her."

work. The manner in which the silvery hair is painted is one of the best points.

Mr. Beardsley is to illustrate his new novel in Mr. Arthur Symon's new quarterly, *The Savoy*, for which he has also designed the cover.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

An Artist's Money.

THE experience was a strange and unusual one. The facts are these: In giving my entertainments I always ask that a small table and chair be placed just at the wings, where I can most conveniently arrange my "make-up" and from which point I can command a view of the stage or platform. It has been my custom also to place my money and other valuables in a pocket-book and this again, for safe keeping, into a small hand-satchel containing my toilet articles. Upon this occasion I was engaged to appear at a town which we shall call Skaneateles. I was left alone at the back of the platform, the others wishing to witness the performance from the front of the house. The place was crowded and I was well on in my monologue, when, happening to glance towards the right wings, I saw a rough-looking man, with murderous eyes and long snaky fingers, eagerly hunting through my satchel as though looking for my money! What could I do? To run off the platform would be to spoil our entertainment, and yet to stand there and see my hard-earned money stolen before my eyes seemed more than I could bear. Then in his boldness and audacity he held up a roll of my bills triumphantly at me and with this "fond farewell" climbed through the open window and slipped down into the street below. My impulse was to shriek, but I did not.

I continued with my programme in a mechanical, half-hearted manner, and finally, when the end was reached, I bowed hurriedly and dashed toward the wings, only to find that my satchel was there just as I had placed it, seemingly undisturbed. Yes, there was my watch and chain where I had placed them on the table. "Surely," said I, "this was some dream; some hallucination!"

I opened my satchel and found my pocket-book all right. Then I opened the pocket-book and found my money—gone!

GRENVILLE P. KLEISER.

One On Sir William.

A story at the expense of Sir William Harcourt is being told by his political opponents; but, as it is not ill-natured, it is worth repeating. Before his recent departure for the Continent, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer spent some time at the seaside, and on one occasion visited a man-of-war lying on the Hampshire coast. After dinner, the weather proving rather rough, the captain (an unusually small and dapper man) suggested that Sir William should sleep on board, and thoughtfully surrendered his own berth for the night to his distinguished guest. Next morning, at the early hour when the captain usually rose, the latter's sailor servant, who knew nothing of the change of berths, brought a cup of coffee to the cabin door, and knocked once or twice without receiving an answer. Somewhat alarmed, the servant popped in his head and asked:

"Don't you want your coffee this morning, sir?"

The only reply was in the nature of a growl, and the terrified sailor beheld a gigantic figure turning over under the bed-clothes. Dropping the cup of coffee, the faithful servant rushed to the ship's surgeon, exclaiming:

"For Heaven's sake, sir, come to the captain at once. He's speechless, and swollen to ten times his natural size."

No Need to Suffer Longer.

A Toronto man, recently returned from a five weeks' trip to Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, was speaking to one of his friends Christmas Day about his experience. He said that this was the first Christmas in five years when he could remember being sober, and the first in fifteen years when he was sober from choice. With an outburst of feeling he added, "What a fool I've been to suffer all these years and Oakville only twenty miles away." How many thousands in all parts of the province are today suffering from a galling appetite for whiskey and other intoxicants, their business capacity impaired 50 per cent, by the perpetual thirst which consumes them, drifting perhaps slowly yet with the utmost certainty towards financial disaster. No one handicapped in this way can expect to hold his own in the struggle for wealth and fame. Why suffer in mind, in body, and in pocket when Oakville is only a few miles away and certain emancipation awaits you there. Send for full particulars to Toronto office, Lakehurst Sanitarium, 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

EVALENA GUST.—What a funny little girl you are, going to advise a boy which college to attend. As they are all far away from your city, I don't suppose it makes much difference if I tell you to say Upper Canada College, especially as I know very little of it, and nothing at all of the other two. Don't ask me to delineate your writing until it develops a little more.

DANN VALENTINE.—You need not fear; at least some of the compliments are merited. You are honest, courageous, deliberate and have much justice and good judgment, sweet temper, good sense of humor, and an even and placid temperament; a thoroughly estimable girl, if I give you. By your writing you might be an exceedingly nice boy. You are careful and reliable and very fond of beauty in any form. The kind of girl I should be apt to desire for my little daughter.

LILLIAN, Kansas City.—The person to whom your letter is addressed has not been on the staff for many years. No letters are answered privately. Time's too short. I am sorry not to have opened your letter in time to give your answer about the Christmas present. It depends upon circumstances and the man. A young girl should be very chary of her presents to young men. The generous heart gives freely and enjoys it, but sometimes not wisely. There may be no harm in making a present, and yet harm may be done if in any way it cheapens the giver. I know your old home so well and the present occupant is my very dear old friend. You would scarcely know the street, it's so improved.

SWIFT PAUL.—Action is not always what you want. Try thought, read something about psychic matters, study yourself, think of future possibilities. What a hurt it is to me, a positive ache, to hear a young thing say, "I long for something to occupy my energies," when all the energy you have would not be so much nor enough to train your own nature. Do you remember Longfellow's poem about the sculptor who procured a priceless block of marble and failed to carve his ideal, but taking up a log from his fire he succeeded in carving it from such depleted material? Your writing shows a sensitive and rather irresponsible nature, self-servative, fond of society, with much impulse, great force and consistency of purpose, and concentration of forces. You ought to amount to something and have many famous graces.

DELMAGE HIRCH.—The Battle of Gettysburg was fought at this place, and was one of the notable engagements of the Civil War of the early states between Northern and Southern States. 2. Your lock of hair went the way of all such enclosures. I beg of you don't rap my temper by sending bits of your anatomy for criticism. It's a loathsome trick. 3. Your writing shows a good deal of character, and is noticeably cautious, almost to mistrust. Your will-power is fine, purpose steady and general character bright and enterprising. You can be trusted with a secret, but would not be successful as a diplomat. You have not yet settled down, if indeed that is possible, but you are affectionate and loyal, self-reliant and persevering, and with reasonable tact and care should develop into a fine character. I think you are of the fruit which ripens slowly.

FLORENCE.—Another girl of tender years! It is not wrong, but very attractive and charming to be fond of birds and flowers. As to birds, Florence, I could never cage one, and except the blessed chipmunk, the was sparrow, you know, I have no birds to love. But the sparrows and I are rare friends. I had quite a compass with two small daddies last summer, whose wives were keeping house in my Virginia creepers, not to turn the hose on them, until their families were fidgeted. One day a stranger was using the hose, and I heard the daddies shrieking and scolding at him, nor would they be at peace until I took the hose. Then they immediately retired to the vines. By all means love your birds and your flowers, my child. It is God-like to do so; and don't be stubborn, it's brutish, and like cats if you can. I can't; I don't know why. No one you'll be an old maid at all, though most old maids—God bless their loving hearts—take great comfort in petting a pussy. As a great artist said to me a few days ago, "One must love something." Only don't be tiresome over it. I am afraid you are still a good deal of a child, Florence, and your writing will some day be quite different from what it is now. It is so very good—quite dashing and full of character—a fine, honest, capable hand. You should make a splendid woman.

Seeing the President.

Not long after Lincoln's election to the Presidency, he was in his office in the old state-house in Springfield, when a tall, lank countryman put his head into the door and asked to see Mr. Lincoln. He was from Kansas, he explained, and with his family was going back to Indiana. He had voted for Mr. Lincoln and wanted to see him. Mr. Lincoln received his unconventional caller with politeness and presently the man asked: "What kind of a tree is that below there in the yard?"

It was a warm November day and the window was open. Mr. Lincoln looked out and said: "It is a cypress. I suppose you would have known it if you had been on the ground."

"No; I don't mean that," said the countryman; "I mean the other one nearer the house. You will have to lean farther out."

Mr. Lincoln leaned out, and then, straightening up, he said: "There is no other one."

"No!" said the man. "Well, do you see that woman and them three children over there in that wagon? That is my wife and child. I told them I would show them the President of the United States, and I have. Good-bye, Mr. Lincoln." And so saying, he stalked downstairs.

A Case of Nervous Prostration Resulting From Indigestion.

They say that misery loves company, and they have had it so often it has passed into a proverb. Yet it isn't an all-round truth. Some kinds of misery detest company. They want to be left alone. They hate to be elbowed and questioned and talked to. A wounded dog will always crawl into some retired place by itself. The instinct of badly injured men, after a battle, is the same. Afflictions that are mostly fancy, tend to set tongues wagging. But real, genuine and dangerous diseases don't invite to speech. Crises which are big with fate usually come and go in quiet.

That is why Mrs. Scuffham had no desire for the society of even her best friends at a certain time she is going to tell us about.

"Up to April, 1891," she writes, "I never knew what it was to be ill. At that time I began to feel that something was amiss with me. I had no relish for my meals, and after eating my chest felt heavy and painful, and my heart would beat and thump as though it meant to leap out of its place. Presently I became so swollen round the waist that I was obliged to unloose my clothing, as I could not bear anything to touch that part of my body."

Even the slightest food gave me pain; a little fish setting my heart to beating at a great rate. My feet were cold, and cold, clammy sweats would break out all over me, leaving me exhausted and worn out. At night I got no sleep to speak of, and in the morning I felt worse tired than when I went to bed. I also suffered a great deal from my feet being puffed up and sore. When I went shopping I had to ride to the town and back as I could only walk a few yards.

"As time went on I lost my flesh and strength more and more, and gave up hope of ever recovering the precious health I had so sadly lost. I took medicines, and consulted a clever doctor at Derby who examined me and said my heart was weak. He also gave me medicines but I got only temporary ease from them, and in a short time was as bad as before. All this time I was so nervous and depressed that I had no taste for anything. On the contrary, I seemed to want to be alone with my misery. Even a knock at the door frightened me, as though I expected bad news, yet I did not really. My nerves and fancies ran away with my knowledge and judgment. Thousands of women who have suffered in this way will understand what I mean."

"Year after year I remained in this condition, and what I went through I cannot put in words, nor do I wish to try. It will answer the purpose to say that I existed thus for eleven and a half years, as much dead as alive. I spent pounds on the best of physic, but was not a whit the better for any of it."

"In October, 1892, a book was left at our house, and I read in it of cases like mine being cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Hardsel, the chemist, in Normanton street, Derby, and when I had taken this medicine for a few days, my appetite was better and I had less pain. I kept on taking it and soon found my food agreed with me and I gained strength."

After this I never looked behind me, but steadily got stronger and stronger. When I had taken three bottles I was quite like a new woman. All the nervousness had left me and my heart was sound as a bell. Since then I have enjoyed good health, and all who know me say my recovery is remarkable. I am confident that Mother Seigel's Syrup was the means, in the hands of Providence, of saving my life; and out of gratitude and in hope of doing good, I freely consent to the publication of this statement. (Signed) Mrs. Ann Scuffham, Cooper's Lane, Lacey, Grimsby, May 1st, 1895.

This letter is endorsed by Mr. William J. Tollerton of the same town, who vouches for the truth of what Mrs. Scuffham has said as he personally knew of the circumstances of her illness at the time they occurred. No comment can add a jot to the force of this open, candid and sincere communication. Whosoever reads it must needs be moved and convinced by it. The disease which filled this woman's life with pain and misery for nearly twelve years was indigestion or dyspepsia, an ailment sly and cunning as a snake in the grass—and as dangerous. Send for the book of which Mrs. Scuffham speaks, and read the symptoms in order that you may know what it is, and how to deal with it. The book costs you nothing, yet it would be worth buying as if every leaf were hammered gold.

Tit for Tat.

Philadelphia Record.

A good story is going the rounds at the expense of a well known society woman who

BE SURE YOU GET ONE! IT'S GOOD THE...
SUNLIGHT ALMANAC
FOR 1896
A BEAUTIFUL BOOK OF REFERENCE, 480 PAGES
Given Free 'Sunlight' TO USERS OF SOAP
HOW TO GET IT
Commencing November, 1895, and until all are given away, purchasers of 3 packages or 9 bars of SUNLIGHT SOAP will receive from their grocers, 1 SUNLIGHT ALMANAC FREE.
Contains complete Almanac, Home Management, Language of Flowers, Gardening, Fashions and Patterns, Dreams and their significance, Recipes, &c. &c.

TO MOTHERS

WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT

WILL GREATLY HELP YOU WHILE NURSING

The large amount of nutritious matter renders it the most desirable preparation for Nursing Women. In the usual dose of a wineglassful three or four times daily, it excites a copious flow of milk, and supplies strength to meet the great drain upon the system experienced during lactation, nourishing the infant and sustaining the mother at the same time.

WE MAY NOT ALL BE BEAUTIES

But we may have SMOOTH, SOFT SKINS and CLEAR COMPLEXIONS, which are in themselves the first elements of BEAUTY and which make the plainest face attractive.



DR CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS and FOUL'S ARSENIC SOAP

canse the skin to become SOFT, SMOOTH and VELVET, and the COMPLEXION is made CLEARER and WHITER by the use of the above WORLD FAMOUS REMEDIES.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers are a permanent beautifier, building up the wasted tissues underlying the skin, thus preventing the formation of WRINKLES, cleaning the pores thoroughly of their secretions and all impurities which find lodgment in them.

Every Lady, young or old, should use them. FOUL'S ARSENIC SOAP is a wonderful protection to the skin from the ravages of the wind, sun and weather.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers and FOUL'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP are the only REAL BEAUTIFIERS of the COMPLEXION, SKIN and FORM. They are simply wonderful for removing FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, VULGAR REDNESS, ROUGH, YELLOW or muddy skin, and, in fact, all blemishes, whether on the FACE, NECK, ARMS or body. Wafers, by mail, \$1; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50¢. Address all mail orders to The Lyman Bros. Co., 71 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. Confidential letters should be addressed to H. B. Fould, 214 6th Avenue, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

JOHN LABATT
BREWERY
LONDON CANADA
ALE & STOUT
10 GOLD MEDALS
SILVER MEDALS
BROWNE & HILL DIPLOMAS
AWARDED AT THE
WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS

TORONTO:

J. GOOD & CO., Yonge St.

HAMILTON:

R. H. LABATT, 18 Hughson St.

doesn't live a thousand miles from Rittenhouse square. The lady in question has just returned from a visit to friends in Washington, where she attended quite a number of social functions. It is related that at a reception she was presented to one of the attaches of the Russian Legation. Feeling in a quizzical mood, she extended her hand to the Russian, at the same exclaiming, "How do you dook?" Not to be outdone, the gentleman from the Czar's domains promptly and tersely replied, "Bullygovich!" And the Philadelphia lady admitted that the laugh was on her.

Limber—The only way I can get even with old Nephthos is to sue him for the size of his pile. Legget—For kicking you out? Limber—No; for alienating his daughter's affections.—Puck.

Grace—Weren't you educated in a convent? Constance—No. Why? Grace—Oh, I heard somebody say that if you saw a man on the other side of the street, you crossed yourself.—High School World.

"Well, I read the President's message through from start to finish," said Banks. "What was the bet?" enquired Rivers.—Chicago Tribune.

Tommy—Paw, what does the paper mean by practical Christianity? Paw—Practical Christianity is the kind that does not interfere with a man's business.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I wonder if he really loves me!" she mused. Again she read his letter. "It must be so. I can make no sense of it."—Truth.

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with

hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00

The HUNTER, ROSE COMPANY, Ltd. PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS

25 Wellington St. West, Toronto
Estimates given. Telephone 545.

TORONTO CARPET CLEANING CO.

Office and Works—44 LOMBARD STREET.
Telephone 2686.
Carpets taken up, Cleaned, Re-laid, or Made Over. New Carpets Sewed and Laid. Upholstery and Mattresses Renovated. Furniture Repaired.

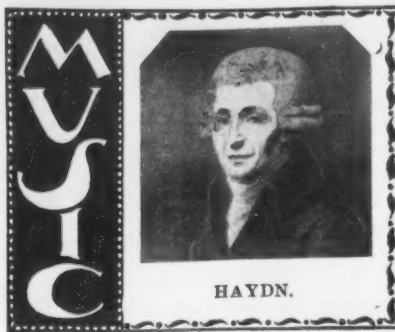
FRITZKE & BOUGH BROS.

Dry Kindling Wood

Delivered any amount, 6 crates \$1.00; 12 crates \$2.00. A Crate holds as much as a barrel.

HARVIE & CO: 70 and 72 Esplanade West.

Tel. 1570 or send Post Card (Jacques & Hay old Bldg)



HAYDN.

The eleventh annual convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians was held in this city on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week. There was a good attendance of our leading musicians, and the committee were able to report the addition of fifteen new members to the forces of this representative Canadian musical organization. The proceedings were very interesting and beneficial throughout, and the committee may be congratulated upon having provided a most acceptable and profitable series of gatherings. Much valuable advice and information was contained in the opening address of the president, Mr. J. H. Anger. Several of his suggestions were embodied in the form of resolutions during the convention and unanimously adopted by the Society. One of the most important of these was a resolution to incorporate the Society and thus give it a legal standing. Mr. Anger also drew attention to the good-fellowship which was being created through the meetings of the Society, and recommended more frequent gatherings, a recommendation which was also adopted. The president stated that whilst some musicians seemed to feel uncomfortable in the society of their professional brethren unless, indeed, they were permitted to have their own way in everything, he believed, nevertheless, that there was no more jealousy rampant in the ranks of the profession than among members respectively of the legal and medical brotherhoods. The genial atmosphere which prevailed at the convention of last week would certainly seem to indicate that, so far as those present were concerned, there was no cause for reflecting upon the good sense, general culture and dignity of the fraternity. Two motions were carried, having in view the extension of the Society's usefulness. One of these was to provide for a system of examinations in practical music under the control of the Society; the other, to organize a Toronto branch of the organization to give recitals at intervals during the year independently of the Society as a whole. The formation of similar local branch societies was also recommended for the consideration of leading members of the organization resident in other cities.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. J. H. Anger; vice-president, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp; secretary, Mr. W. H. Robinson; treasurer, Mr. W. E. Fairclough; representatives of cities—Toronto, Mr. Harry Field; Hamilton, Mr. J. E. P. Aldous; London, Mr. W. H. Hewlett; Ottawa, Miss Christie; St. Catharines, Mr. Angelo M. Read; Brantford, Mr. J. E. Jaques; Stratford, Mrs. Prendergast. General representatives—Messrs. Edward Fisher, A. S. Vogt, J. W. F. Harrison and W. F. Robinson. The proceedings, outside the usual business transactions, took the form of a reception and recital at the Normal school on Thursday evening; an essay on The Tonic Sol-fa Method, by Mr. A. T. Crispan on Friday morning; recital at McMaster Hall and a lecture on The Physical Basis of Music by Prof. A. C. McKay on Friday afternoon; banquet at Harry Webb's on Friday evening, and a recital and farewell reception in the Normal School on Saturday morning. Those taking part in the recitals were: Miss Mary H. Smart, Miss Mabel De Geer, Miss Minnie F. Hessin, Mrs. H. W. Parker, Mr. Rechab Tandy, Mr. J. E. Jaques, Mr. Walter H. Robinson and Mr. F. W. Lee, vocalists; Mr. H. M. Field, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp and Mr. A. G. Alexander, pianists; Miss Lillian Little, cellist; the Klingenberg String Quartette, composed of Mr. H. Klingenberg, first violin; Mr. Charles Wagner, second violin; Mr. H. Telgman, viola, and Mr. Paul Hahn, cello; Miss Lena Hayes, violinist; Mr. W. F. Robinson, clarinetist, and Dr. C. E. Saunders, flautist. The convention as a whole was an enjoyable and successful event. The prospects seem bright for the future, not the least encouraging sign being the kindly feeling which is springing up among members of the Society and the consequent better tone of the meetings, which in years gone by were certainly not always remarkable for parliamentary dignity or the best fraternal spirit.

Arthur Sullivan's grand opera Ivanhoe, which was recently produced at the Royal Opera, Berlin, Germany, proved a complete fiasco. Notwithstanding the special care and elaborate preparations which were made in the presentation of the work and the magnificent stage settings which some critics pronounced to have been equal to anything ever seen in Berlin, the general effect of the opera was chilling and proved conclusively that Sir Arthur would do well in future to stick to comic opera, a sphere of work for which he is eminently fitted and in which he has few living equals. The result of the Berlin production will not surprise anyone of average musical intelligence who has heard Ivanhoe. It was my privilege to hear an excellent performance of the work in London in 1891, and the impression then received was that grand opera was somewhat too large an undertaking for the genial composer of The Mikado. The most successful musical features of Ivanhoe are undoubtedly those parts in which a comical element is introduced. This is particularly the case in the act allotted Friar Tuck, and in several characteristic choruses which are written in the true Sullivanian vein. But when he gropes after and elaborates on *leit-motifs* and attempts grand opera on a modern scale, he falls lamentably short of accepted standards. All the beautiful part writing and clever scoring in Ivanhoe does not conceal the fact that the work is labored and unnatural. The peculiar type of

genius necessary to success in grand opera is not possessed by Sir Arthur. These opinions I ventured to express in these columns shortly after having heard the work in England in 1891. The wonder is that after only a partial success in London, which was largely due to patriotic sympathy, the clever composer should have risked certain failure on one of the most critical stages of Europe. Royalty's patronage and the cordial support and well-wishes of the Berlin people could not save the work. It is somewhat humiliating to have to confess it, but the Anglo-Saxon race cannot honestly lay claim to having produced a single composer who has earned international fame in a sphere of composition which, more than any other, represents modern progress in the art.

Johnston & Arthur, the well known impresarios of New York, lately received a letter which bore this superscription: "Johnston & Arthur, musical prodigies, 33 Union square." The letter, which is well worthy of reproduction here, read as follows:

PASADENA, December 10, '95.
Johnston & Arthur, 33 Union Square, New York City (Decker Building).

DEAR MUSICAL FRIENDS! I am willing to play for you and am as reputable as a musician on the violin as Easie and I am willing to play for you in case you would deposit at the first National Bank of Pasadena 4000 dollars for me in advance. So I will play for you this year. Otherwise I could do no business with you.

Respectfully,
FERRY RINARDY
Violin Soloist.

Largest Repertoire in America or in Europe I used to play violin with Schwartz Hugo the Worlds greatest Pianist at present (who played first Piano Worlds Fair) but who has copped Million dollars and plays only in dignitary places and for honor not for money. I mean Schwartz Hugo Pianist Residence, Andassy at Budapest Hungary, this ought to give you enough references, as to take your hair, brath before you answer me, you did not answer my first letter.

To this charming and modest epistle the firm replied as follows:
Mr. Ferry Rinardy Violin Soloist, Pasadena, Cal.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter written at Pasadena, Cal., on December 10 reached us the same date in New York City. In reply will say that you may be as great a musician as "Easie" (as you spell it), but you are not half as good a speller. However, if you can convince us that you are as great as Easie and have the same number of hairs in your head, which will have to be counted and certified to by an eminent physician or some responsible man in your city, we will duplicate the Easie contract with you, but instead of depositing four thousand dollars for you in the First National Bank of Pasadena, we should ask you to deposit forty thousand dollars here as a guarantee that you are as good as Easie.

We congratulate you upon your association with Schwartz Hugo, whom you state is the "world's greatest pianist" (now, we never heard of Paderewski), and we congratulate Schwartz Hugo upon his association with a violinist who is as great as Easie. Schwartz must feel delighted to have copped a million and to play only in "dignitary places," as you call it; yet it is not altogether clear to us how he could have "copped a million," as you state he played "for honor, not for money." We expect to be in Budapest, Hungary, in about fifteen years from now, and will look him up and ask him if what you have said about him is true. However, we presume we could prove it all if old Bill Jones was alive. There are a few agriculturists out your way looking for hunky farm hands, and we think that a couple of years behind a plough would improve your technic.

Yours very respectfully,
JOHNSTON & ARTHUR.

Musical Editor, Saturday Night.

DEAR SIR,—An exception is taken in your last issue to some remarks of mine relating to the Practice Clavier, which appeared in The Week of December 20. I beg your indulgence, and also some of your valuable space, to make a few comments thereon. A perusal of my original article in The Week will show that I have not condemned the use of this instrument at all, but rather its misuse, as calculating to create mere mechanical players and not sympathetic musical performers. As stated by me in The Week, "There are people who run to extremes over every bad and are thus often led away from the real truth." I have heard of its being used for weeks and months by pupils acting on the advice of their teacher, to the complete exclusion of the piano, which I believe to be wrong, and can serve no true artistic purpose. On the contrary, when so employed, it must tend to sacrifice temperament and imagination, for perhaps accurate mathematical consideration. The greatest piano players the world has ever seen never used this technical contrivance, and the greatest piano teachers in the world to-day do not use it. Does this mean anything? It certainly ought, for there never has been a time when there were so many excellent young pianists, nor so many great piano virtuosos as at the present time. I could name them by the score. In the article referred to criticizing my own, it is stated that "some of the greatest living pianists and teachers, such as Paderewski, De Pachmann, and William Mason endorse it," but I venture the opinion that not one of these men use it with their pupils, so this may be misleading. Endorsement is one thing; personal use by a cultured artist, quite another. Every artist worthy of the name will tell you that to learn to produce a beautiful tone, it is necessary to practice on an instrument of tone. The scheme of developing technic on a violin model without tone, was once tried to avoid excessive nerve fatigue, but only proved conclusively that it could not be accomplished without in a great measure destroying the emotional element and the rich singing tone quality for which the violin is noted. The clavier has its uses and also its limits, and these I endeavored to point out; no more, no less. I believe if judiciously employed with students when conditions are favorable, it can be useful in developing and retaining a mechanical technic, but this can also be done on the piano, and we have thousands of living examples who daily testify to the truth of this unassailable fact.

W. O. FORSYTH.

One of the most important musical events of Christmas week was a performance of the greater part of Handel's Messiah at St. Paul's Methodist church by the choir of the church, assisted by Mme. Ildor Klein, soprano; Miss Ella Ronan, contralto; Miss Ruthford, contralto; Mr. H. G. Kirby, basso; Mr. Alex. Gorrie, tenor; Mr. Percy Parker, basso; and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist. The choruses were well sung and the service generally reflected much credit upon all concerned. Mme. Klein created a most favorable impression in her solos, demonstrating her versatility as an artist, this having been her first public appearance in oratorio. Miss Ronan's exceptionally rich and well cultivated voice was heard to excellent advantage in her work. Miss Ruthford also displayed an organ of good quality and sang with much expression. Mr. Gorrie gave excellent interpretations of his solos, the pure

quality of his voice and the musical style of his work being much admired. The solos allotted to Mr. Kirby were sung with excellent effect, and Mr. Percy Parker's solo also added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. Mr. Hewlett played with his usual finish and skill, and the entertainment as a whole served to demonstrate the good work being done in the northern part of the city by the choir of St. Paul's church under Mr. Armstrong's direction.

The concerts to be given on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week by the superb Chicago orchestra under Theodore Thomas, promise to be among the most important events of the kind ever given in this city. The privilege of hearing two concerts during the same week by such an organization as the Thomas Orchestra is very seldom realized in Toronto. From an educational point of view the concerts should attract all of our many resident music students, besides having a claim upon lovers of music generally. The prices of admission are surprisingly low, considerably lower, in fact, than in any other city in which the orchestra has appeared this season.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music re-opens after the holidays on Friday, January 3, with its large staff of efficient teachers augmented by the addition of Mrs. Dreschler Adamson in the violin department, Miss Bella Geddes, F. T. C. M., pianoforte, and Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, flute. Mr. H. N. Shaw, B. A., principal of the elocution school, has just returned after further study and research in London and Paris. This school will re-open on Tuesday, January 7, and Mr. Shaw will be assisted by Miss Nelly Berryman and Mr. W. J. Thorold, B. A. The Conservatory calendar, with full particulars of all departments, can be had free.

Mr. Angelo M. Read of St. Catharines and Buffalo has been appointed to the responsible position of conductor of the Buffalo Vocal Society, and makes his debut in his new capacity in Mendelssohn's Elijah.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, who leaves for London on February 1, was presented with a valuable gold watch and chain by a number of his friends on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mr. J. Lewis Browne has been appointed organist of St. James' cathedral, a position for which his superior ability as a solo organist and musician eminently qualifies him.

Mr. H. M. Field and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp visited Buffalo last week to attend the Paderewski piano recital given there on Saturday evening last.

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 2, W. ALLAN
1880
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC
Yonge St. and Wilton Ave.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
A Thorough Musical Education by Most Advanced Modern Principles of Study.
RE-OPENS FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1896
NEW CALENDAR With full information
Pupils may enter at any time.
H. N. SHAW, B. A., PRIN. ELOCUTION SCHOOL
Elocution, Oratory, Voice Culture, Diction and Swedish Gymnastics, Greek Art, Literature, &c.

LONDON
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
AND
SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
GIVEN BARRON { Pianist, late of Leipzig } Principal
ALL SUBJECTS TAUGHT
Special pleasure is taken in announcing the engagement of MISS KATHARINE MOORE (late of New York) teacher of Voice Culture and Concert Work, and MISS INA BACON (late of Emerson College of Oratory) as head of the Elocution Department. Concert engagements accepted by the above named.

Free (Send for Circular 8, containing the course of study for examination and diplomas.)
ARTHUR E. FISHER
MUS. BAC., A.R.C.O. and A.T.C.L. (Eng.)
Principal of the Theoretical Department Toronto College of Music.
Director of Mus. Kingston Ladies' College.
Organist and Choirmaster First Congregational Church, Kingston.
Has resumed teaching in TORONTO on the 14th September; in Kingston on 17th September.
Address all communications—
Dominion Chambers, Spadina Ave., Toronto

F. H. TORRINGTON
Organist Metropolitan Church.
Twenty-one Years Conductor of the Toronto Philharmonic and Orchestra.
Director Toronto College of Music.
TRAINER OF
Piano, Organ, Vocal Music and Ensemble Playing
Solo Singers prepared for Oratorio, Concerts and Church Repertoire. (Public introductions for vocalists and solo performers, and teachers' positions secured.)
Address—
19 Pembroke Street
Or Toronto College of Music

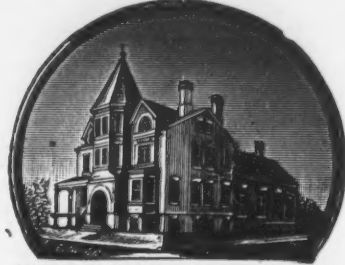
MR. V. P. HUNT
Organist and Choirmaster Central Presbyterian Church
Teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Musical Director of the Denzell Church, Oshawa.
Residence—
104 Maitland Street

MR. CHARLES MUSGRAVE
PIANIST
Open for engagements for Concerts, Balls, Engagements, Parties, etc.
83 Nassau Street, Toronto
Or Whaley, Royce & Co., 155 Yonge Street

W. J. McNALLY
Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian Church.
Musical Director Toronto Vocal Club.
Teacher of Piano at the Toronto College of Music.
Residence—
39 Sussex Avenue

MISS MAUD GORDON, A.T.C.M.
Pianist and Accompanist Piano pupils and concert engagements accepted at Conservatory of Music or residence, 78 Wellesley Street.

MADAME PALMIRA BONVINO
(Mrs. Prof. O'Brien) Prima Donna Soprano from Milan, Nice and principal theaters and concerts in Europe. 25 years uninterrupted success. Will receive a limited number of pupils for Production of the Voice. Style, Repertoire, Stage Department and all essential to an artist. Highest references and press opinions on application at her studio, 298 Sherbourne Street.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC (LTD.)
In Affiliation with the University of Toronto.
RE-OPEN JANUARY 6th, 1896
Student may enter at any time. Send for Circular.
GEO. GOODERHAM, President. F. M. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.

MR. FRED WARRINGTON
Concert Baritone and Vocal Teacher
Studio, Room No. 8, Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E.
Voices tested free of charge. Residence, 214 Carlton Street, Toronto

GIUSEPPE DINELLI
Organist St. Patrick's Church
TRAINER OF
PIANO VIOLIN AND CELLO
At Conservatory of Music
and 94 Gerrard Street East

THE VOICE
Tone-production, Cultivation, Style
and Repertoire.
W. ELLIOTT HASLAM
SPECIAL COURSE FOR TEACHERS
Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer, Toronto.
Reception hour from 2 till 3 p.m. daily.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
SOPRANO
Professor of Singing Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Concerts directed. Voice production and the Art of Singing taught. Concert repertoire formed. Graduate and certified pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam.
Residence—
86 Major Street

FRAULIN GERVAIS
From Leipzig.
Teacher of Piano, French and German
532 Church Street.
MISS ADA ADAIR, late of Chicago
Operatic and Scottish Balladist
Open for Concert Engagements. Also gives vocal instruction at her residence.
74 Hazelton Ave.

MR. ARTHUR BLAKELEY
Organist St. James' Church
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory.
46 Phoebe Street.

GRAY
Voice Production
Specialist
Pupil of Charles
Barri.
Toronto School of Debutantes, Room O, Yonge St. Arcade

WALTER H. ROBINSON
Singing Master, Conductor and Tenor Soloist.
Gives instruction in Voice Culture
Vocal instructor at Metropolitan School of Music, Ltd., Parkdale, and General Hall Ladies' School, Conductor of Church of Redeemer Choir, Toronto University Glee Club
Studio—
Care R. S. WILLIAMS & SON CO., Ltd., 143 Yonge St.

CYRIL E. RUDGE, Mus. Bac.
Professor of Music
Choirmaster Grace Church.
VOICE CULTIVATION A SPECIALTY
Candidates prepared for University examination in Harmony, Counterpoint, etc. Piano lessons also given.
Studio, 14 Grenville Street

DR. CHAS. E. SAUNDERS
SINGING MASTER AND FLUTIST
Pupils received for the study of voice production, artistic singing and flute playing. Voice production taught according to the method of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam. Concert engagements accepted.
39 St. Mary Street

MISS CARTER
390 Brunswick Avenue
TEACHER OF PIANO
STAMMERING—CHURCH'S AUTO-
VOICE SCHOOL, 53 Alexander St., Toronto, Canada. No advance fee. Cure guaranteed. Stammering in English, German and French permanently cured.

MISS FANNIE SULLIVAN
(Fellow Toronto College of Music)
Concert Pianist and Accompanist
Choir Director of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and teacher of the Piano at the Toronto College of Music. Concert engagements and pupils accepted.
Address—
643 Parliament Street, or
The Toronto College of Music.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.
Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Miss Veale's School.
13 Dunbar Road, Rosedale

LOYD N. WATKINS
303 CHURCH STREET
Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Teacher of the Guitar at the Conservatory of Music

VOICE SPECIALIST
MADAME STETTAFORD (Pupil of Sig. Lablache)
Voice culture, Italian method; also pianoforte. Terms moderate. Address A. & S. Nordheimer's, or 183 Church St.

MISS H. M. MARTIN
Certified teacher of PIANO and FLUTE, of Toronto College of Music. Vocal pupil of Mr. Haslam. Piano pupil of Mr. Field. Address 43 Wellesley Street, or Toronto College of Music.

MISS LILLIAN L. ARMSON
ELOCUTIONIST. Graduate of Presbyterian Ladies' College, Toronto, and Pupil of Prof. Hymon of Philadelphia. Open for Concert Engagements and Recitals. Address—
99 Hazelton Avenue

MR. W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Organist and Choirmaster All Saints' Church.
Musical Director Hamilton Ladies' College.
TRAINER OF
Piano and Organ Playing and Theory
Harmony and Counterpoint taught by correspondence. Address, 6 Glen Road, or Toronto Coll. of Music

MR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church
Conductor Mandelstam Choir of Toronto. Teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Dufferin House and Moulton College. Organ pupils also accepted at the Conservatory of Music. Residence, 64 Pembroke St.

MISS LENA M. HAYES, A.T.C.M.
SOLO VIOLINIST
155 Grange Ave. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
Teacher of Piano.
271 Jarvis Street. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MR. W. O. FORSYTH
Artistic Piano Playing and Theory
Director Metropolitan School of Music
Teacher of Piano at Miss Veale's School and Moulton College
Specialties—Beautiful touch and tone, musical analysis and interpretation. Studio for Private Lessons, 18 King St. East. Reception hours: Mondays, four to five.

MUSIC Dealer, Importers, Engravers, Lithographers, and Printers of Music in every form.

Peters, Litolff, Angerer, Breitkopf & Hartel, and Schirmer Library Editions, and the publications of all American and Foreign Music Publishers.
Sole Canadian Agents for the celebrated Louis P. Aday Technical Studies, American and Foreign Fingering.
To Dealers and Teachers—Why send you orders to three or four different music houses, which cause complications and delay; why not deal direct with music publishers? Would it not be more convenient for you to order everything from one publisher, open one account, have your goods reach you at one time and at shortest possible notice? Our stock includes the publications of all American and foreign music publishers. We are saving hundreds of dealers and teachers time and money every day. Can we be of service to you in the same line? Send for our music catalogue and rates.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO. 155 Yonge Street Toronto Canada

MR. H. M. FIELD, Piano Virtuoso
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Hans von Bulow and Reinecke, solo pianist Albert Hall's concert; Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the Siedl orchestra tour in Canada, 1895; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted.
Address—165 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.
Studio: Whaley, Royce & Co., 155 Yonge St., or College of Music, 19 Pembroke St.

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP
Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano
Conductor Toronto Male Chorus Club.
Only Canadian pupil of Moszkowski, Berlin, Germany. Toronto Conservatory of Music, Rolleston House, and Studio—Room 14, Oldfield's Building, cor. Yonge and College Streets, Toronto.

MRS. FRED W. LEE
Pianist and Accompanist
Pupils and concert engagements accepted.
82 Trinity Ave., or Toronto College of Music.
Pupil of Mr. H. M. Field.

MRS. MARIE KLINGENFELD
Mezzo Soprano
MR. H. KLINGENFELD
Concert Violinist
CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS, RECITALS
Pupils received in Violin, Voice Culture, Piano and Theory, at Nordheimer's, (Room 3), 205 Sherbourne St., or Metropolitan College of Music, Parkdale.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Barkley Street Methodist Church Choir,
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.
274 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

MR. AND MRS. G. H. OZBURN
TEACHERS OF THE
Guitar, Mandolin and Banjo.
Also Leader of the Ozburn Guitar and Mandolin Club. Open for concert engagements. 342 Huron Street. Or Metropolitan College of Music.

MISS ADA E. S. HART
CONCERT PIANIST
Has now returned from Europe after studying with the celebrated LEO KRENGER, of Vienna.
(Teacher of Paderewski.)
Limited number of pupils received. For terms, engagements, etc., address care of Messrs. Nordheimer, or No. 14, Harbord Street

HELEN M. MOORE, Mus. Bac.
PIANO AND THEORY
Experienced in preparing students for the Toronto University examinations in music.
Piano pupil of H. M. Field. Address—
30 Maitland Street, or Toronto College of Music.

SCHOOL FOR VOCAL
GUITAR AND MANDOLIN
10 1-2 SHUTTER STREET
Open for concert engagements. E. Maud Monaghan

THE D'ALESSANDRO ORCHESTRA
Music furnished for Balls, Receptions, Concerts, &c. Any number of musicians supplied on shortest notice. All the latest popular music. Also
MANDOLIN ORCHESTRA
Special for Concerts, At Homes, Receptions.
Address—
55 Arnes Street, Toronto.

WM. KNAGGS.
VIOLIN AND GUITAR MAKER
My new violins are scientifically constructed of choice old wood and coated with a beautiful oil varnish (my own make). They are equal in tone, workmanship and value to the best modern violins. Artistic repairing, bows re-haird; the very finest Italian and German strings for sale. Room No. 4, 44 Adelaide Street East. Residence, 75 Wood Street.

JOSEPH HUGILL
445 Yonge Street
Maker and Repairer of Violins, Violas, Cellos and Mandolins. Guitars also repaired. Over 40 years' experience. Fifty hand-made Violins and Violas for sale. Violins bought and sold, or exchanged by paying difference. Repairing old violins a specialty.

ORGANS.
ESTABLISHED 1864
EDWARD LYE & SONS, Organ Builders
18 St. Albans, & 7 St. Nicholas Street
TORONTO
Specifications and estimates for new organs, reconstructions and repairs sent free on application.
Good Second-Hand Organs for Sale

EDUCATIONAL.
Central Business College
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.
This SMALL advertisement represents the LARGEST Commercial College in Canada. Circulars free.
Winter Term, Monday, January 6, '96
SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

MISS WALKER'S SCHOOL
96 CHARLES STREET
Will Re-open on Monday, Jan. 6, '96

British American
Business College Co.
OF TORONTO (LTD.)
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING
Cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts.
The most efficient and best equipped Commercial and Shorthand School in Canada.
Handsome Catalogue free to any address.
EDW. TROUT, President. DAVID HOSKINS, Secretary.

BARKER'S
Shorthand and Business School
739 Yonge Street, cor. Bloor
Branch—349 Spadina Avenue
Pamphlet, "Which System?" and Circular sent to any address.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE

JACOB & SPARROW, Props. and Mgrs.

Popular Prices Always
NO MATTER HOW STRONG THE
ATTRACTION

ONE WEEK

STARTING

Monday, Jan. 6th

MATINEES

Tuesday : Thursday
Saturday

First time here of Mr. Harry
Williams' Melo-dramatic
Sensation

A BOWERY GIRL

Direct from It's Triumphant Success and Ex-
actly as Presented at the Grand Opera
House, New York City.

60 People on the Stage 60

Greatest Scenic Achievement Ever
Staged in Canada.

Most Novel, Unique and Picturesque Show
of Modern Times.

New York Revealed with Photographic
Exactness.

Sensational Night Scenes in the Great
Metropolis.

NEW SONGS
DANCES
SPECIALTIES NEW

SEE "The Bowery at Night"
"The Palisades of the Hudson"
"The Housetops of New York"



THE DRAMA

FOR FAIR VIR-
ginia, the play
running at the
Grand this week, at-
fords a very satisfac-
tory evening's enter-
tainment. It tells the
story of a Northern
husband who had a
Southern wife during
the American Civil War. The play would be
worthy of more attention were it the first of
its kind, but we are now tolerably familiar
with dramas treating of "the late unpleasant-
ness," and they all bear a strong family resem-
blance. Mr. Russ Whytal, who plays, in rather
agreeably subdued tones, the part of a villain,
so far as villainy cuts any figure in the piece,
is author of For Fair Virginia. The play is so
constructed as to offend no person. Northern
audiences will enjoy it because Esmond, the
husband, although resident in the South and
owner of slaves, throws up all and enlists in
the Federal ranks; because, too, the fall of
Richmond and the triumph of the Federal
cause is worked into the finale. Southerners will
like it because Mrs. Esmond, a Southern lady,
renounces her husband and does all she can for
the Confederate cause, whilst the real hero of
the piece, Stephen Dunbar, is a young Confed-
erate colonel. Indeed, the necessities of the sit-
uation drove the author to an amusing length in
this direction, for it was required to have a
character with a streak of villainy in him,
Laughlin (played by Mr. Whytal), and so it is

me as never before. It is a gem. And, while I
dissent from the claim that Mr. Moore is the
world's greatest ballad singer, yet I never
knew the abundant sentiment of Sweet Marie
better conveyed than in his singing of it. He
sings other songs and ballads of his own, and
all very superior in sentiment or humor to
what we usually hear in theaters. As for The
New Tuxedo as a whole, it is so-so. Like most
entertainments of the sort there are some parts
of the programme that do not amount to much.
Some jokes are sprung that have not much
spring in them by this time; but if this be an
offence, the fault lies in the gallery, which, on
Tuesday afternoon, greeted the very oldest of
them with uproarious and delighted applause.
The broad burlesque upon melodrama in the
second act is entertaining, and, in fact, the
weakest part of the show is the minstrel work
in the third act. There have been large audi-
ences at every performance so far, and it looks
as though the week's business will be un-
usually large.

A Bowery Girl, a new play, will be pre-
sented for the first time in this city at the
Toronto Opera House next Monday evening.
It is from the pen of Ada Lee Bascom and is
described as a comedy-melodrama, with its
characters drawn from that portion of New
York from which the play derives its title, a
quarter of the metropolis which abounds in
enough kinds and qualities of character to fur-
nish the melodrama and comedies of the next
century. Miss Bascom has made a study of
the Bowery for months, and is said to have
drawn her characters very faithfully. Mr.
Williams's company was selected by that
gentleman in New York, with special reference
to the work he wished performed. Clara Thropp
will play the Bowery Girl. She will be re-
membered as the dashing soubrette for



Miss Clara Thropp in A Bowery Girl.

carefully stated at the very outset that this
man is a Scotchman who has only been resi-
dent in the South for about ten years. The
author found native-born Americans so
virtuous that a man with a streak of rascality
in him could not be had, so one had to be im-
ported. Yet Laughlin was not so bad a man
but that his original might have been found in
the Union, North or South, without pulling
poor old Scotia in by the ears.

Mrs. Esmond as played by Mrs. Whytal is a
pretty fool. The part might easily have been
better written, and could easily be better
played. Mrs. Whytal in this part does not ful-
fill the promise given in the curtain-raiser that
precedes the play. We know well enough that
the women of the South were devoted to the
cause, but somehow Mrs. Esmond seems an
unreasonable woman rather than a heroine.
Nell, the Yankee girl, and her ride through the
lines to apprise her brother of a confederate
manoeuvre against him and his men, is a legiti-
mate drawing, for individual women both
North and South did heroic things, and many
of them, in that war. In a matter of our own,
every Canadian schoolboy honors the name of
Mrs. Secord, who, in the war of 1812, struggled
twenty miles through the woods to warn the
Canadian soldiers at Beaver-dams that Gen.
Dearborn was sending six hundred Yankees to
surprise them, thanks to which warning the
surprisers were surprised and forced to sur-
render, every man-jack of them.

Miss Mabel Knowles as Nell Esmond the
Yankee girl, and Mr. Charles S. Abbe as
Stephen Dunbar, who becomes a Colonel in the
Confederate ranks, are, in my opinion, the best
artists in the company. They are both ex-
tremely natural in their acting. I hope they
are young, for if they are we may expect to
hear more of them. The company is very well
balanced; no one has astonishing merits, and
no one mars the piece by incompetent work.

An entirely different order of entertainment
is that given this week at the Toronto Opera
House, where the price of admission is also
decidedly different. Mr. Raymon Moore is the
big man in the company presenting The New
Tuxedo. Mr. Moore was, in the early part of
the week, as one of the papers very
justly pointed out, quite a sick man, who
appeared at great inconvenience and disad-
vantage. He is the author of Sweet Marie,
that song which has been sung all around the
world, parodied, whistled, hummed and other-
wise abused, until at last we are tired of its
very name. Yet, as I heard Mr. Moore sing it
at the Tuesday matinee, the beauties of Sweet
Marie in its music and sentiment impressed

many years with Evans and Hoey, and
also with Neil Burgess. In his original
production of The County Fair, in which
she created the role of Taggs. Other ladies
in the cast are: Miss Mamie Ryan, Emma
Sardou, and among the gentlemen may be
mentioned Harry A. Burkhardt, Andy Aman,
Geo. W. Thompson, Mark W. Cody, Edward
Clifford and others equally well known. Ben
Teal, the most noted stage director of the pre-
sent day, has charge of the stage production of
the play for Manager Harry Williams, who is
known as a successful producer of melodrama-
tic plays, and whose lavishness in stage set-
tings is known as prodigal in the extreme. A
carload of special scenery is carried by the com-
pany. The Palisades on the Hudson, the
housetops of New York, Paradise Flats and
Mulberry Bend on the Bowery, the famous
Bowery at Grand street looking toward Cooper
Institute, are among the special scenes in A
Bowery Girl. The usual Tuesday, Thursday
and Saturday matinees will be given.

A distinct society event will be the appear-
ance of Mme. Rhea at the Grand next week.
It is some years since this famous actress has



Charles II. and Nell Gwynne.

appeared in Toronto, but the public will wel-
come her with delight in her new historical
comedy of Nell Gwynne. This play is a most
remarkable one. It deals with the love and
intrigue of the Court of Charles II., and tells
of the wonderful devotion of the King to this



DRAPINGS TO BEAUTIFY HOMES

Silk Fabrics for Decoration
Satin Damask for Furniture Covering
Silks for Drapery

Estimates and Designs furnished on application.

A NEW CHAMBER CURTAIN IN EMBROIDERED
MUSLIN
...Lace Goods in Profusion...

Samples freely submitted. Mail orders filled with promptness and accuracy.

Toronto's Great Carpet House and Home Decorator:

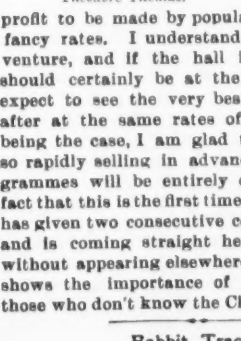
FOSTER, PENDER & CO.

18 Colborne Street, near Yonge

Telephone 696

lovely woman, who rises from a lovely flower
girl to the honor of being the most famous
actress of her time. Rhea loves this role and
permeates it with her own great personality;
in fact, she lives over again the trials and
triumphs of Nell Gwynne. Her portrayal of
Nell Gwynne is making her famous. It is by
far the best thing that she has ever attempted,
and with her excellent company and sumptu-
ous staging and costuming, it proves a remark-
able performance.

The Chicago Orchestra, of which Theodore
Thomas is conductor, has been secured by
Manager Suckling of Massey
Music Hall for two concerts next
Tuesday and Wednesday. The
trustees have de-
cided to furnish
these concerts to
the public at
prices lower than
were ever charged
here for anything
of the same high
class. Tickets
will sell at 50c,
75c, and \$1, and
it is the duty of
those who enjoy
finished music to
turn out and con-
vince the trustees
of Massey Hall
that there is more
profit to be made by popular prices than by
fancy rates. I understand that this is a test
venture, and if the hall is crowded—as it
should certainly be at the prices—we may
expect to see the very best attractions here-
after at the same rates of admission. This
being the case, I am glad that the seats are
so rapidly selling in advance. The two pro-
grammes will be entirely different, and the
fact that this is the first time that the orchestra
has given two consecutive concerts in Canada,
and is coming straight here and returning
without appearing elsewhere in the Dominion,
shows the importance of the attraction to
those who don't know the Chicago orchestra.



Theodore Thomas.

Rabbit Tracks.
Chicago Tribune.
"Walter," called out the indignant guest to
the careless attendant, who had spilled some
of the toasted cheese on the tablecloth, "I
wish you would clean off these Welsh-rabbit
tracks."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

ALL NEXT WEEK
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees

Society Event of the Season

Appearance of the Gifted French Artist

Mlle.

RHEA

In PAUL KESTER's new Romantic and
Historical Comedy

Nell Gwynne

NOTE.—The costumes and staging of
this production will be historically cor-
rect.

Prices—\$1.00, 75c., 50c. and 25c.

Seats Now on Sale

Now Buy AN Upright

Piano,
One
Made
By

Heintzman & Co.

And
You
Get
The Best
Instrument
In Canada.

Renowned for TONE and DURABILITY.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

117 King St. West, Toronto



LADIES' MANTLES

New York Jackets, Paris Capes for street wear or opera, in Velvets, Furs, Brocades and Plain Cloths. Fur-trimmed, Satin and Fur-lined, Ready-made or Made to Order. Beautiful Fur Novelties in Gloves, Mitts, Ruffs, Capes, etc., at a great reduction.

R. Wolfe's Great Clearance Sale

107 YONGE STREET

Tailor made Costumes 25 per cent reduction for this month only. Call and see our Goods.

R. WOLFE, 107 Yonge Street

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR THE
ELECTION OF

ALDERMAN

John Shaw

AS

MAYOR

FOR 1896

Election Day Monday, January 6, 1896

WARD No 3

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Solicited for the Re-election of

ALDERMAN

O. B. Sheppard

FOR THE YEAR 1896

Election Takes Place Monday, January 6

MRS. H. WEBSTER, Macdonaldist
Having returned from seven months' further study of Mandolin in Italy and Germany, will accept concert or drawing-room engagements. Apply Arlington Hotel.

Social and Personal.

Rev. Professor Cody, M.A., of Wycliffe College, will give a lecture on Italy, illustrated with lime-light views, in the Church of the Redeemer school-house on Tuesday evening, January 7, at eight o'clock. Mr. N.W. Hoyle, Q. C., will occupy the chair.

The marriage of Miss Helen Gertrude King to Mr. Charles Albert Johnson, the well known banker of New York, was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. King, 428 Jarvis street, at two o'clock on January 1. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Woude of the Unitarian church, amid a bower of palms and bridal roses. The bride was attired in a charming gown of heliotrope and black crepon, trimmed with chin-chilla fur, white satin and lace, while the maid of honor, Miss Elizabeth King, was gowned in tan cloth with Louis XIV. coat of velvet, and hat to match. After the *dejeuner* the happy couple left to take the 4.55 train, amid the hearty congratulations of those assembled, and followed by the strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will spend their honeymoon in Lakewood, N.J., after which they contemplate a tour abroad for an indefinite length of time. Only the immediate relatives of both parties witnessed the ceremony, among whom were: Mr. Raymond Johnson, Mr. Bert Johnson and Mr. Howard Johnson, sons of the groom, Mrs. Bert Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack King, Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wilbur and Mr. Edward Paul of New York. The bride was the recipient of many elegant presents.

A complimentary dinner was tendered by the residents of Stouffville on December 27, to Mr. John Elliott, manager of the Standard Bank there, who is being promoted to the Bradford agency. The dinner was the most successful ever held in Stouffville, there being over

Cheerful Acknowledgement

Is made by all progressive and intelligent piano purchasers of the undoubted fact that the

Bell Piano

as made to-day is an illustration of the High Art reached in the construction of this noble instrument.

EASY INSTALMENT TERMS

In addition to sound theoretical principles there is an artistic elegance and *tout ensemble* very captivating to the true lover of this admirable and refined creation.

The million dollar capital of its makers enables them to procure rare and choice materials, which are always first offered to

The Bell Organ & Piano Co.

Factories and Offices at Guelph, Ont., and Branch Houses at Toronto, London, Hamilton, St. Thomas, Stratford, Windsor and a dozen other places.

Snap...

IN... OFFICE DESKS
LETTER-FILE CABINETS

CLOSING-OUT CLEARING SALE

20 PER CENT...
Special Discount Allowed

THE above very exceptional offer is now made to close out our present stock of High Grade American Office Desks, manufactured by A. CUTTER & SONS, Buffalo, N. Y. Our firm carry the largest stock and finest assortment in Canada of Office Furniture, Desks—Rotary, Swing, Roll Top, Flat Top, Single and Double, Standing Desks, Office and Library Chairs, Leather Couches, Lounges and General Furniture.

SOLE AGENTS:

Canadian Office and School Furniture Co., Ltd.

TORONTO

MONTREAL

Celebrated High Grade and Office Desks, Church, Opera, Lodge and School Furniture

Next The Mail Building... **TORONTO FURNITURE SUPPLY CO., Ltd.**

56 KING STREET WEST



seventy-five of the wealthiest and most respected residents of the village and vicinity present. After the banquet a lengthy and interesting toast list was gone through. The

speeches of the evening were made by Ex-Warden W. B. Sanders, the chairman, and Mr. J. S. London, the assistant general manager of the Standard Bank. The latter referred

to Mr. Elliott's many good qualities and to his splendid record as a manager during his five years' stay in Stouffville. During the evening Reeve Johnson of Stouffville presented to Mr. Elliott on behalf of his many friends, a handsome bronze clock, and Mr. Elliott made a neat acknowledgment of the same. Among those present were: Mr. Cromar of the Great Western Life, Toronto; Mr. J. S. London of Toronto, Mr. W. J. McCormack, Mr. Scanlon of Toronto, and the members of the municipal corporations in the neighborhood.

Plenty of Room.

Tenderfoot (to Texas ranchman after engaging his services and "viewing the landscape o'er")—"I accept your terms; but, really, where am I to sleep?"
Ranchman—Sleep, man? Anywhere, anywhere! I've two hundred and fifty thousand acres lying round here loose. I don't care a snap where you sleep.

Wines for the Holidays.

Sherrises—Manzanilla, very dry, \$9 and \$10 per dozen; Cloraso, mellow and nutty, \$11; Amontillado, old, dry and nutty, \$11; Pesto, dry and delicate, \$15 per dozen.
Brown Sherry—The choicest brown Vino de Pesto Sherry in the Dominion, 15 years old, at \$17 per dozen.
Marsala, very old and choice, \$8 per dozen.
Ports—Two Crown, \$11; Three Crown, \$13; Four Crown, \$16 per dozen.
Champagne—Vino d'Or, a choice, light and fairly dry wine, \$14.50 case quarts; \$16 per case pilsa. Outside orders solicited. Wm. Mara, 79 Yonge street, Toronto.

Established 1867

CHINA HALL

49 KING ST. EAST

Cut Glass Vases 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 each
Cut Glass Salts, Peppers & Mustards 25c, 50c and 75c each
Cut Glass Syrups (plated top) \$1.50 each
Cut Glass Sugar Sifters \$1.00 each

JOSEPH IRVING

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

ASHDOWN—O. Sunday, December 29, the wife of Sydney Ashdown 32 Lowther avenue—a daughter.
BLAIR—Dec. 31, Mrs. Gordon M. Blair—a son.
MACPHERSON—Dec. 19, Mrs. J. A. L. Macpherson—a son.
UNDERWOOD—Dec. 26, Mrs. John Underwood—a son.
PEARMAN—Dec. 14, Mrs. J. H. Pearman—a son.
WILLMOTT—Dec. 31, Mrs. W. Earl Willmott—a son.
BOYD—Dec. 28, Mrs. H. O. Boyd—a son.
CANNES—Dec. 26, Mrs. W. G. Canals—a son.
NEWMAN—Dec. 19, Mrs. G. A. Newman—a daughter.
STEWART—Dec. 28, Mrs. Charles Stewart—a son.
GILES—Dec. 25, Mrs. Archibald Giles—a daughter.
KOSK—Dec. 22, Mrs. Douglas A. Kosk—a son.
HATTON—Dec. 19, Mrs. W. H. Hatton—a son.

Marriages.

MINTY—WEATHERSTON—Jan. 1, George Dwyer Minty to Louise Mary Weatherston.
BROWN—McLEAN—Dec. 26, Thomas Brown to Janet McLean.
NORRIS—BROLEY—Dec. 26, Richard D. Norris to Marie Broley.
STUTTAFORD—WATERS—Dec. 24, Arthur Hamilton Stuttaford to Bertha M. Waters.
MCINTYRE—FORSTERFIELD—Dec. 31, Clarence McIntyre to Nina Olive Forsterfield.
THORPE—MORRISON—Dec. 30, George A. Thorpe to Rebecca Morrison.
WINDATT—CAMPBELL—Dec. 25, John D. Windatt to Kate Campbell.
CORK—APTED—Dec. 25, J. Milton Cork to Adelaide Aited.
SPENCER—McKAY—Dec. 28, Alfred Spencer to Alice McKay.
LOVE—McLENNAN—Dec. 31, James Love to Grace McLennan.
MCNECOR—LYTLE—Chatham, Dec. 31, Duncan McNeCor to Irene Bernice Lytle.

McKENDRY'S

4th January.

NOW that the holiday is over we settle down to

OUR ANNUAL CLEARING SALE

in good earnest. Trade has been phenomenally good, notwithstanding the pronouncement of croakers who are always talking "hard times." Holiday goods never sold with so much snap, and most all customers agreed that

WE WERE LEADERS

in high class novelties. From now till 1st February we hold a special sale of surplus stocks in each department, and would ask ladies residing in the city to call early and inspect the drives, and those who live out of town to write for samples.

Special... Dress Goods Sale

The finest goods going for the prices asked for common kinds.

Special Silk Sale

Colored and black silks, though increasing in price across the ocean, are subject here just now to the general price reduction. Every line a bargain.

Lace and Ribbon Sale

Notwithstanding an immense business we have more lace and ribbons on hand than we should have, special prices will soon bring stock to normal condition, and then up go the figures. Buy now. Bargains also in—

Ladies and Children's Shoes
Ladies' Gloves, Hosiery, and Wool Underwear
Lace and Cherille Curtains
Ladies' Jackets and Capes

No lady in Canada can afford to ignore our splendid stock and keen prices.

McKENDRY & Co
202, 204, 206, 208
Yonge St.
TORONTO

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

FOR

Winter Carnival

WILL SELL RETURN TICKETS
TORONTO TO

QUEBEC

FOR

SINGLE FIRST- CLASS FARE

Going January 25 to 28
Returning February 5

STOKES—WALDREN—Dec. —, J. F. Stokes to Halme Waldren.

Deaths.

CAMPBELL—Dec. 28, Father Campbell.
BUGO—Dec. 27, Richard Bugo, aged 78.
SPROATT—Dec. 27, Charles Sproatt, aged 69.
WILKES—Dec. 28, Jane Wilkes, aged 84.
BROWN—Dec. 29, Benjamin F. Brown, aged 41.
ARREY—Dec. 30, Harriet Arrey, aged 78.
BLACKBURN—Dec. 31, Jessie May Blackburn, aged 20.
BROCK—Windsor, Dec. 28, Daniel E. Brock, aged 39.
SHAW—Dec. 30, John Shaw, aged 80.
MCGEE—Dec. 29, Robert McGee, aged 60.
PORTEOUS—Galt, Dec. 30, Rev. John Porteous, aged 83.
MORRISON—Dec. 27, Jessie Morrison, aged 37.
MORGAN—Dec. 29, William J. Morgan.
IRWIN—Dec. 27, Kate Irwin, aged 28.
MCCULLOUGH—Georgetown, Robert McCullough, aged 93.
SUTHERLAND—D. C. 24, Thomas Sutherland, aged 66.

DR. G. L. BALL
Office, "The Forum," Yonge St., Tel. 1133. Hours, 9-5.
Residence, 84 Bedford Road. Tel. 4007. Hours, 5-10 p.m.